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THE TELL-TALE:

OR,

ANECDOTES

Expreſſive of the

CHARACTERS of PERSONS

Eminent for

RANK, LEARNING, WIT,

OR

HUMOUR.

Collected from the

Beſt AUTHORS and beſt COMPANIONS:

For the IMPROVEMENT of

YOUTH in CONVERSATION.

— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius magnus plerumque ſecat res.
HOR.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ANECDOTES, &c.

OF

EMINENT PERSONS.

THE late King George was remarkably fond of seeing the Play of Henry VIII. which had something in it that seem'd to hit the taste of that sagacious monarch; for, one night being very attentive to that part of the play where Harry the Eighth commands his minister Woolsey to write circular letters of indemnity into every county, where the payment of certain heavy taxes had been disputed, and remarking the manner in which the minister artfully communicated these commands to his secretary Cromwell, whispering thus;

A word with you:
Let there be letters writ to every shire

Of the king's grace and pardon: the griev'd Commons
Hardly conceive of me —— Let it be nois'd
That thro' our interceſſion *this revokement*
And pardon comes.——

The king could not help ſmiling at the craft of the miniſter in filching from his maſter the merit of the good action, tho' he himſelf had been the author of the evil complained of; and turning to the prince who then ſtood near him (the play being acted at Hampton Court) ſaid to him, *You ſee, George, what you have one day to expect; an Engliſh miniſter will be an Engliſh miniſter in every age and in every reign.*

During the protectorſhip of Oliver Cromwell, a deſign was formed for re-eſtabliſhing the Jews in this kingdom, with full liberty to carry on trade, and exerciſe their religion; but tho' this affair met with violent oppoſition from the heads of the different ſectaries, yet Oliver ſo far carried his point as to encourage a ſmall body of them to ſettle in their old quarter, under the direction of Manaſſeth Ben-Iſrael, a great rabbi, who ſoon built a ſynagogue, and publickly performed divine worſhip. The intelligence which the protector received, from time to time, by means of the extenſive correſpondence and cloſe amity every where maintained throughout the uni-

univerſe among the ſcattered remains of the Jewiſh nation, contributed not a little to the ſucceſs of his enterpriſes abroad, and particularly to that of his naval expeditions; an inſtance of which is ſomewhere upon record, and thus related: As the earl of Orrery was once walking with Cromwell in one of the galleries at Whitehall, a man almoſt in rags appeared in view; upon which Cromwell immediately left the earl, and took that perſon with him into his cloſet, who told him of a great ſum of money that the Spaniards were ſending over in a Dutch man of war, to pay their army in Flanders; and alſo the very part of the ſhip where the money was repoſited. The protector then immediately ſent an expreſs to Smith (afterwards Sir Jeremy Smith) who lay in the Downs, informing him that within a day or two ſuch a Dutch ſhip would paſs the channel, which he muſt ſearch for the Spaniſh money. Accordingly, when the ſhip paſſed by Dover, Smith ſent, and demanded leave to ſearch her. The Dutch captain return'd, *That none but his maſters ſhould ſearch him.* Upon which Smith ſent him word again, *that he had ſet up an hour-glaſs, and if he did not ſubmit to the ſearch before it was run out, he would ſink him.* The Dutchman ſeeing it was in vain to contend with ſuperior force, ſubmitted in time; and ſo all the money was found. And the next time Cromwell ſaw the lord Orrery, he told

him, *he had his intelligence from that ſeemingly forlorn Jew he ſaw him go to ſome days before.*

Some time before the abdication of King James II. an attempt was made to draw the princeſs Anne of Denmark to embrace the popiſh religion. The king, indeed, uſed no harſhneſs with her; he only diſcover'd his wiſhes, by putting into her hands ſome books and papers, which he hoped might induce her to become a proſelyte; but lord Tyrconnel took more pains, and made uſe of all his intereſt to incline her to hearken to the pious inclinations of a father and a king: theſe remonſtrances had but little effect; and it was not long before the princeſs was delivered from the temptation. Upon the landing of the prince of Orange, in 1688, the king went down to Saliſbury to his army, and the prince of Denmark his ſon-in-law with him; but the news quickly came from thence, that the prince of Denmark had left the king, and was gone over to the prince of Orange, and that the king was coming back to London. This ſo terrify'd the princeſs that ſhe declared, *rather than ſee her father ſhe would jump out at window*; and immediately ſhe ſent to adviſe with the biſhop of London what was beſt for her to do. The reſult was, that at midnight, the biſhop accompanied by the earl of Dorſet, waited upon her at the Cockpit, according to a private agreement,

and

and in a hackney-coach conducted her highneſs to the biſhop's houſe in the city; from thence ſhe was carried to lord Dorſet's at Copt-hall; from thence to the earl of Northampton's, and thence to Nottingham; where ſhe hardly thought herſelf ſafe till ſhe ſaw that ſhe was ſurrounded by the prince of Orange's friends. Quickly after this, the king fled into France; the throne was declared vacant; and preſently filled with the prince and princeſs of Orange; the latter of whom, the firſt day ſhe took poſſeſſion of her apartment in Whitehall, ran about it, looking into every cloſet and conveniency, and turning up the quilts upon the bed, as people do when they come into an inn, and with no other ſort of concern, *tho' it was her own father who had been ſo lately driven from that chamber and that bed.*

Soon after the battle of Oudenarde, the dutcheſs of Marlborough made a tour to Flanders, under pretence of complimenting the duke on that victory, but in fact to inform him of the cabals of his enemies, which it was not ſafe to entruſt on paper. Her grace landed at Dunkirk, where ſhe lay all night; and in the morning, her thoughts being intent, perhaps, upon more important concerns, tho' ſhe had given a great deal of trouble in the inn, yet ſhe went away and forgot the uſual preſent to the chambermaid. The girl, who interpreted this neglect to her

grace's want of generoſity, thought of an expedient to make herſelf amends; and with this view ſhe purchaſed a number of phials, and then filling them, carefully cork'd them up, and ſealed them; this done, ſhe cauſed it to be rumoured abroad that ſhe had a quantity of the dutcheſs of Marlborough's eye-water, which her grace, at her departure, had put into her hands to ſell. It was in reality the dutcheſs of Marlborough's water that filled the bottles, and the humour ſucceeded to the girl's wiſh; the eye-water was bought for the novelty by rich and poor, and the cures it perform'd were ſo wonderful, that the fame of its virtues reach'd the dutcheſs at the Engliſh camp. Her grace recollected her omiſſion, and was not a little nettled at the wench's ſtratagem, but could not then help it. In her return home however, ſhe lay again at the ſame inn; and as the wench was putting her to bed at night, *Child*, ſaid ſhe, *I hear you have a famous eye-water to ſell; I have a mind to be a purchaſer.* The girl quite confounded and ready to ſink, faintly ſaid, it was all diſpoſed of. *What quantity might you have of it*, ſaid the dutcheſs? *Only a few dozens*, reply'd the girl. *Well*, ſaid the dutcheſs, *prepare your bottles, and you now may have a larger quantity of the genuine ſort.* The girl was miſerably perplex'd, and could not tell what to ſay; but fell into tears, and dropping upon her knees confeſs'd her indiſcretion,

tion, and humbly implor'd her grace's forgiveneſs, promiſing never to offend again in the like manner; *Nay, but indeed, child,* ſaid her grace, *you muſt make up ſome for me, for I have heard an excellent character of its ſovereign virtues.* Being aſſured her grace was in earneſt, the girl reply'd, *ſhe ſhould be obey'd.* Her grace's intention was, to prevent her eye-water being any more hawk'd about in Dunkirk; and therefore in the morning ſhe ordered her young doctreſs in her own preſence to bottle every drop of it, to cork it up ſafely, and ſeal it, as ſhe had done the former; by which ſhe diſcovered that the girl had actually procured her grace's arms to her new Noſtrum, a circumſtance ſhe had not before dreamt of. *Well, my dear,* ſaid the dutcheſs, *I find you're a miſtreſs of your trade; you make no ſcruple to counterfeit a ſeal.* Madam, ſaid the girl, you dropt the ſeal in the room, and that put me in the head of it. *And what might you gain,* ſaid her grace, *by your laſt ſupply?* Fifty livres, reply'd the girl. *Very well,* ſaid the dutcheſs: *pleaſe to reſtore the ſeal, and there is double that ſum for you*; putting five Louis d'Ors in her hand; adding with a ſtern look, and a ſevere tone of voice, *Beware of Counterfeits, huſſey.*

Old Dyer, who is remarkable for facetiouſneſs and drollery, happened one day to be alone at the Flaſk at Hamſtead, in veniſon-time,

time, when the Cordwainers-company kept their annual feaſt there. Dyer obſerved two glorious hanches roaſting at the fire, and made it his buſineſs to learn who they were for. Being told, *for the Cordwainer's Company*, he determined to dine with them. He knew it was the cuſtom upon thoſe occaſions for every member to bring his friend, and conſequently that ſeveral, as well as himſelf would be ſtrangers to all but *one* in the company, and that queſtions are never aſk'd, when once admittance is obtain'd and people are ſeated; he therefore watch'd his opportunity when dinner went up, and ſeated himſelf among the reſt as near as he could to one of the hanches, where he did not fail to play his part. He was very pleaſant and chearful, and thoſe that ſat next him were highly diverted; no exceptions were taken, and all paſs'd off as he had imagined. After dinner, when the bottle and ſong began to move briſkly round, he ſung in his turn, and was much applauded. But when the time came that he thought of departing, he ſhifted his ſeat, and placing himſelf next the door, he began a ſtory. He had already drawn the attention of the company upon him by his uncommon humour; ſo, upon the word *Story* all were ſilent. Gentlemen, ſaid he, I am always pleaſed when I have an opportunity of remarking the flouriſhing condition of trade; I remember a wonderful alteration

for

for the better in this very company of yours within theſe forty years, and I think I can give you a remarkable inſtance of it. When I was a young fellow, continued Dyer gravely, I was but low in the world myſelf; and I obſerved that the neareſt way to wealth was through the road of frugality; and therefore I pitched upon a chop-houſe in Grubſtreet, where I could dine for two-pence. The miſtreſs of the houſe was remarkably neat and civil, particularly to thoſe who were her conſtant cuſtomers; and the room where we dined was, by means of a curtain, or more properly a blanket hung upon a rod, partition'd off into two diviſions, the inner and the outer; the inner diviſion the good woman kept for the better ſort of folks, of which I had the honour to be accounted one, and the outer was for the caſual and ordinary ſort. It happened one day, however, as I was drawing the blanket to go in as uſual, the miſtreſs of the houſe pulled me haſtily by the coat, and whiſper'd in my ear, *You muſt not go in there to-day, Sir.*—*Why ſo*, ſaid I in ſome heat? *I beg your pardon, Sir*, ſaid the woman, *but indeed you can't be admitted.*—— *What the devil's the matter that I can't be admitted*, ſaid I ſwaggering? *Why*, ſaid the woman with joy in her countenance, *the maſter and wardens of the Cordwainers Company do me the honour to dine with me to-day, and I* muſt *keep my beſt parlour empty for their worſhips*

ſhips reception. I thought it indeed but decent to give place to that worthy body, and ſo was pacify'd.——The company upon hearing this ſtory began to lay their heads together, to know who this gentleman was; which Dyer obſerving, took that opportunity to ſlip away.

About the latter end of queen Anne's wars, when the Tory miniſtry came into play, they made a mighty rout about enquiring into the conduct of their predeceſſors the Whigs; particularly as to corrupt management, and miſapplication of public money. Among the reſt, Mr. Walpole, (afterwards the famous Sir Robert) then a member of the houſe, and once ſecretary at war, fell under its diſpleaſure; not ſo much perhaps, for what he had done, but out of pique for the violent oppoſition he had made to the meaſures then carrying on. The charge urged againſt him was this: After he, in conſequence of his poſt, had contracted with ſome undertakers for forrage for the horſe that lay in Scotland; he, finding that the two perſons who contracted for it made conſiderable gain by it, named a friend of his own as a third perſon, who might partake of the profits; but the other two had no mind to let this third perſon in to know the ſecret of their management; ſo they offered him 500l. for his ſhare, which he accepted, and the money was remitted. But they not knowing his place of reſidence, directed

rected their bill *To Mr. Walpole, Secretary at War*, who of conſequence was obliged to endorſe the bill before it could be received, which he accordingly did, and the perſon concern'd received the money. This being diſcover'd, Mr. Walpole was charged with it, as a bribe that he had taken for his own uſe for making the contract. Both the perſons that remitted the money, and he who received it were examin'd by the committee, and affirmed that Mr. Walpole was neither directly nor indirectly concerned in the matter; but the houſe inſiſted upon his having endorſed the bill, and not only voted this a corruption, but ſent him to the Tower, and expell'd him the houſe. However, the violence with which this charge was carried on againſt him by the Tories, turned in the end to his advantage. For in the next reign he was conſider'd as one who had ſuffered perſecution for his zeal to the Houſe of Hanover; and the poſts of honour that were then heaped upon him, made him ſufficient amends for the ſcandalous aſperſions that had been thrown out againſt him before.

When the great duke of Marlborough commanded in Flanders, a Jew, concerned in the contract for furniſhing bread to the army there, made him an annual preſent of between 5 and 6000l. the queen had beſides ordered him 10,000l. a year to ſupport his dignity,

dignity, and to enable him to procure intelligence; and on the ſame account her majeſty had iſſued out a warrant for him to receive two and a half *per cent.* out of the pay of the foreign troops, as was the practice in K. William's war, which amounted to 15000 l. more, in all about 30,000 l. a year. But upon the change of the miniſtry, when things were carried to extremities, and this great man was diveſted of his command by the queen's own letter, a charge was brought againſt him in parliament for the embezzlement of ſo much public money as the Jew's preſent, and the deduction from the pay of the foreign troops annually amounted to. And tho' he made it appear that the whole ſum was leſs by 20000 l. a year than in the former war had been allow'd K. William for the ſame ſervice; and that by diſpoſing of it properly he had procured ſo good intelligence, as never once to be ſurpriſed, nor any party he ever ſent out intercepted or cut off; nay, that all his deſigns had been ſo well concerted, thro' the faith of his intelligence, that he had never miſcarried in any one of them; yet his enemies were ſuffered to prevail, the Houſe cenſured the receipt of the Jew's money as illegal, and her majeſty was prevailed upon to ſend an order to the attorney-general to proſecute him for the 15,000 l. that was deducted yearly out of the pay of the foreign troops, tho' he was authoriſed by her own warrant to receive

receive it. Such was the behaviour of a Houſe of Commons to a man who had carried the military glory of the Engliſh nation to a higher pitch than any general had ever done before him.

During the reign of King William and Queen Mary, a breach was made between the queen and the princeſs of Denmark, then heir-apparent to the crown, which never was made up; nor would the queen ſo much as ſee the princeſs even when her majeſty lay upon her death-bed, tho' much importun'd to conſent to a reconciliation. The cauſe of this difference was generally imputed to the obſtinacy of the princeſs in continuing lady Marlborough in her ſervice, after her lord had fallen under the diſpleaſure of the king. But the truth is, the 50,000l. a year ſettled by parliament on the prince and princeſs of Denmark, and which had render'd them in a manner independant of the court, had given the diſguſt, as it was carried by a vaſt majority in both Houſes, tho' the king had uſed his utmoſt endeavours to oppoſe it. What made this meaſure the more acceptable to the princeſs was the rude treatment ſhe met with from king William, who was indeed ſo ill-natur'd, and ſo little poliſhed by education, that neither in great things nor in ſmall had he the manners of a gentleman. One inſtance of his worſe than vulgar behaviour at his own

table, when the princeſs dined with him, will ſet this part of his character in a true light. It was in the beginning of his reign when the princeſs was with child of the duke of Glouceſter, there happened to be a plate of peaſe, the firſt that had been ſeen that year. The king, without offering the princeſs the leaſt ſhare of them, eat them every one up himſelf. Whether, ſays my author, he offer'd any to the queen, I cannot ſay; but he might do that ſafely enough, for he knew ſhe *durſt not touch them*. The princeſs confeſſed afterwards, *ſhe had ſo much mind to the peaſe, that ſhe was afraid to look at them, and yet could hardly keep her eyes off.*

During the breach between the two Siſters, which, as has been ſaid, was never made up till the queen's death, all the ladies of honour and all the great officers of ſtate were ſtrictly forbidden to viſit the princeſs's court; the guards were diſcharg'd from any attendance about her perſon, and all poſſible indignities were caſt upon her not only by the king and queen, but by all who had the leaſt dependance upon them. But upon the queen's death, things took a new turn, king William was only king for life, and he had ſenſe enough to know that it would be impoſſible to continue any longer in open difference with the princeſs without expoſing himſelf to daily ſlights and a manifeſt diſregard for the ſove-

reign

reign pleaſure; and therefore he made offers of reconciliation; the prince and princeſs waited upon the king at Kenſington, and were received with extraordinary civility; which being publickly known, nothing was to be ſeen but crowds of courtiers flocking to Barkley-houſe (the princeſs's reſidence) to pay their reſpects to the prince and princeſs; tho' before, the place had been like a deſart, where none but the bare inhabitants were ſcarce ever to be ſeen. This ſudden alteration occaſioned the half-witted lord Carnarvon to ſay one night to the princeſs, as he ſtood cloſe by her, in the circle, *I hope your highneſs will remember that I came to wait upon you, when none of this company did*; which cauſed ſome bluſhing and much mirth.

Biſhop Burnet, every body has heard of, but few are acquainted with his real character; his enemies have made him a worſe man than he was; his friends perhaps a better. Be this as it will, in his charges to the clergy, he ſhew'd a great deal of diſintereſted integrity by vehemently exclaiming againſt Pluralities, as a moſt ſacrilegious robbery of the revenues of the church; a remarkable effect of his zeal upon this ſubject may not be improper to be here related. In his firſt viſitation at Saliſbury, he urged the authority of St. Bernard, who being conſulted by one of his followers, whether he might not accept of

two benefices, reply'd, *And how will you be able to ſerve them both?—I intend*, anſwered the prieſt, *to officiate in one of them by a deputy—Will your deputy be damn'd for you too*, cry'd the ſaint? *Believe me, you may ſerve your cure by proxy, but you muſt be damn'd in perſon.* This expreſſion ſo affected Mr. Kelſey, a pious and worthy clergyman there preſent, that he immediately reſigned the rectory of Bemerton in Berkſhire worth 200l. a year, which he then held with one of greater value. This chriſtian act of ſelf-denial was not, however, without its reward; for tho' their principles in church-matters were very oppoſite, yet the biſhop conceived ſuch an eſteem for him, from this action, that he not only prevailed with the Chapter to elect him a Canon, but likewiſe made him arch-deacon of Sarum, and gave him one of the beſt prebends in the church.

Sir George Rook, before he was made admiral, had ſerved as a captain of marines upon their firſt eſtabliſhment; and being quarter'd on the coaſt of Eſſex where the agues made havock among his men, the miniſter of the village where he lay was ſo harraſs'd with the duty, that he refuſed to bury any more of them without being paid his accuſtomed fees. The captain made no words, but the next that died he ordered to be carried to the miniſter's houſe, and laid upon the table

table of his great hall; this greatly embarraſſed the poor clergyman; who in the fullneſs of his heart ſent the captain word, *That if he would cauſe the dead man to be taken away, he would never more diſpute it with him, but would readily bury* him *and his whole* company *for nothing.*

In the ſecond ſeſſion of the firſt parliament of queen Anne, an incident happen'd, that at this juncture, when a general election is approaching, ſhould be univerſally known, and attended to. There had been great complaints of partiality and injuſtice in the elections of parliament-men, both againſt ſheriffs in counties, and returning-officers in boroughs. In Ayleſbury the return was made by four conſtables, and it was believed, that they made a bargain with ſome of the candidates, and then managed the matter, ſo as to be ſure that the majority ſhould be for the perſon, to whom they had engaged themſelves; they canvaſſed about the town, to know how the voters were ſet, and they reſolved to find ſome pretence for diſabling thoſe, who were engaged to vote for other perſons than their friends, that they might be ſure to have the majority in their own hands. And when this matter came to be examined by the Houſe of Commons, they gave the election always for him who was reckoned of the party of the majority, in a manner ſo bare-

faced, that they were ſcarce out of countenance when they were charged for injuſtices in judging elections. It was not eaſy to find a remedy to ſuch a crying abuſe, of which all ſides in their turns, as they happened to be depreſſed, had made great complaints; but when they came to be the majority, ſeemed to have forgot all that they had formerly cried out on. Some few excuſed this, on the topic of retaliation; they ſaid, they dealt with others as they had dealt with them, or their friends. At laſt an action was brought againſt the conſtables of Ayleſbury, at the ſuit of one, who had been always admitted to vote in former elections, but was denied it in the laſt election. This was tried at the aſſizes, and it was found there by the jury, that the conſtables had denied him a right, of which he was undoubtedly in poſſeſſion, ſo they were to be caſt in damages; but it was moved in the queen's-bench to quaſh all the proceedings in that matter, ſince no action did lie or had ever been brought upon that account. Powel, Gould, and Powis were of opinion, that no hurt was done the man; that the judging of elections belonged to the Houſe of Commons; that as this action was the firſt of its kind, ſo if it was allowed, it would bring on an infinity of ſuits, and put all the officers concerned in that matter, upon great difficulties: Lord chief-juſtice Holt, tho' alone, yet differed from the reſt; he thought

this

this was a matter of the greateſt importance, both to the whole nation in general, and to every man in his own particular: he made a great difference between an election of a member, and a right to vote in it; the Houſe of Commons were the only judges of the former, whether it was rightly managed or not, without bribery, fraud or violence; but the right of voting in an election, was an original right founded either on a freehold of forty ſhillings a year in the county; or on burgage-land, or upon a preſcription, or by charter, in a burrough: Theſe were all legal titles, and as ſuch were triable in a court of law. Acts of parliament were made concerning them, and by reaſon of theſe, every thing relating to thoſe acts were triable in a court of law; he ſpoke long and learnedly, and with ſome vehemence upon the ſubject; but he was one againſt three, ſo the order of the court went in favour of the conſtables. The matter was upon that brought before the Houſe of Lords, by a writ of error; the cauſe was very fully argued at the bar, and the judges were ordered to deliver their opinions upon it, which they did very copiouſly.—— Chief juſtice Trevor inſiſted much on the authority that the Houſe of Commons had, to judge of all thoſe elections; from that he inferred, that they only could judge who were the electors: petitions were often grounded on this, that in the poll ſome were admitted

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to a vote, who had no right to it, and that others were denied it, who had a right; ſo that in ſome caſes they were the proper judges of this right: and if they had it in ſome caſes, they muſt have it in all. From this he inferred, that every thing relating to this matter was triable by them, and by them only: if two independent juriſdictions might have the ſame cauſe brought before them, they might give contrary judgments in it; and this muſt breed great diſtraction, in the execution of thoſe judgments.—To all this it was anſwered, that a ſingle man who was wronged in this matter, had no other remedy but by bringing it into a court of law; for the Houſe of Commons could not examine the right of every voter; if the man, for whom he would have voted, was returned, he could not be heard to complain to the Houſe of Commons, tho' in his own particular he was denied a vote, ſince he could not make any exceptions to the return; ſo he muſt bear his wrong, without a remedy, if he could not bring it into a court of law. A right of voting in an election was the greateſt of all the rights of an Engliſhman, ſince by that he was repreſented in parliament; the Houſe of Commons could give no relief to a man wronged in this, nor any damages; they could only ſet aſide one, and admit of another return; but this was no redreſs to him that ſuffered the wrong; it made him to be

leſs conſidered in his burrough, and that might be a real damage to him in his trade: Since this was a right inherent in a man, it ſeemed reaſonable that it ſhould be brought, where all other rights were tried, into a court of law; the abuſe was new, and was daily growing, and it was already ſwelled to a great heighth; when new diſorders happen, new actions muſt lie, otherwiſe there is a failure in juſtice, which all laws abhor: practices of this ſort were enormous and crying; and if the rule made in the queen's-bench was affirmed, it would very much increaſe theſe diſorders, by this indemnity, that ſeemed to be given to the officers who took the poll.—After a long debate, it was carried by a great majority to ſet aſide the order in the queen's-bench, and to give judgment according to the verdict given at the aſſizes; which judgment was accordingly executed, and the man was allowed damages and coſts of ſuit. This gave great offence to the Houſe of Commons, who paſſed very high votes upon it, againſt the man of Ayleſbury, as guilty of a breach of their privileges, and againſt all others who ſhould for the future bring any ſuch ſuits into courts of law; and likewiſe againſt all counſel, attorneys and others, who ſhould aſſiſt in any ſuch ſuits; and they affirmed, that the whole matter relating to elections belonged only to them: yet they did not think fit to ſend for the man who had ſued, or rather in whoſe

whoſe name the ſuit was carried on; ſo they let the matter as to him fall, under a ſhew of moderation and pity, and let it reſt upon thoſe general votes. The Lords on their part ordered the whole ſtate of the caſe to be drawn up and printed, which was done with much learning and judgment; they alſo aſſerted the right, that all the people of England had, to ſeek for juſtice in courts of law, upon all ſuch occaſions; and that the Houſe of Commons, by their votes, ſtruck at the liberties of the people, at the law of England, and at the judicature of the Houſe of Lords; and they ordered the lord-keeper to ſend a copy of the caſe, and of their votes to all the ſheriffs of England, to be communicated to all the boroughs in their counties. The Houſe of Commons was much provoked with this, but they could not hinder it; the thing was popular, and the Lords got great credit by the judgment they gave, which let the people of England ſee, how they might be redreſſed for the future; accordingly five others of the inhabitants brought their actions againſt the conſtables, upon the ſame grounds. The Houſe of Commons looked on this as a great contempt of their votes, and they voted this a breach of privilege, to which they added a new, and till then unheard-of crime, *that it was contrary to the Declaration that they had made*: upon that they ſent their meſſenger for theſe five men, and committed them

to

to Newgate, where they lay three months priſoners; they were all the while well ſupplied and much viſited; ſo they lay without making any application to the Houſe of Commons. It was not thought adviſeable to move in ſuch a matter, till all the money-bills were paſſed; then motions were made, in the interval between the Terms, upon the ſtatute for a Habeas Corpus; but the ſtatute relating only to commitments by the Royal Authority, this did not lie within it.—Upon that they moved for a Writ of Error, to bring the matter before the Lords; that was only to be come at, by petitioning the queen to order it: The Commons were alarmed at this, and made an addreſs to the queen, ſetting forth, that they had paſſed all the money-bills, therefore they hoped her majeſty would not grant this. Ten judges agreed, that in civil matters a petition for a Writ of Error was a petition of right, and not of grace; two of them only were of another mind; it was therefore thought a very ſtrange thing, which might have moſt pernicious conſequences, for a Houſe of Commons to deſire the queen, not to grant a petition of right, which was plainly a breach of law and of her coronation-oath; they alſo took on them to affirm, that the Writ did not lie; tho' that was clearly the work of the Judicature to declare, whether it lay or not, and that was unqueſtionably the right of the lords; They only could determine

mine that: The ſupplying the public occaſions was a ſtrange conſideration to be offered to the queen, as an argument to perſuade her to act againſt law; as if they had pretended that they had bribed her to infringe the law, and to deny juſtice.—The queen anſwered their addreſs, and in it ſaid, *That the ſtopping proceedings at law, was a matter of ſuch conſequence, that ſhe muſt conſider well of it:* This was thought ſo cold that they returned her no thanks for it; tho' a well-compoſed Houſe of Commons would certainly have thanked her, for that tender regard to law and juſtice. The Commons carried their anger farther; they ordered the priſoners to be taken out of Newgate, and to be kept by their ſerjeant; they alſo ordered the lawyers and the ſollicitors to be taken into cuſtody, for appearing in behalf of the priſoners. Theſe were ſuch ſtrange and unheard of proceedings, that by them the minds of all people were much alienated from the Houſe of Commons. But the priſoners were under ſuch management, and ſo well ſupported, that they would not ſubmit nor aſk pardon of the Houſe; it was generally believed, that they were ſupplied and managed by the lord Wharton. They petitioned the Houſe of Lords for relief; and the Lords reſolved to proceed in the matter by ſure and regular ſteps. They firſt came to ſome general reſolutions; that neither Houſe of parlia-

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ment could assume or create any new privilege that they had not been formerly possessed of; that subjects claiming their rights in a course of law, against those who had no privilege, could not be a breach of privilege of either House; that the imprisoning the men of Aylesbury, for acting contrary to a declaration made by the House of Commons, was against law; that the committing their friends and their counsel for assisting them, in order to the procuring their liberty in a legal way, was contrary to law; and that the Writ of Error could not be denied without breaking the Magna Charta and the laws of England. These resolutions were communicated to the House of Commons at a conference.—They made a long answer to them. In it they set forth, that the right of determining elections was lodged only with them, and that therefore they only could judge who had a right to elect; they only were the judges of their own privileges, the Lords could not intermeddle in it; they quoted very copiously the proceedings in the year 1675, upon an appeal brought against a member of their House; they said their prisoners ought only to apply themselves to them for their liberty; and that no motion had ever been made for a Writ of Error in such a case. Upon this second conference according to form, the matter was brought to a free conference, where the point was fully argued on both sides.

The City and the body of the nation were on the Lords ſide in the matter. Upon this, the Lords drew up a full repreſentation of the whole affair with great decency of ſtyle, but with many heavy reflections on the Houſe of Commons.——By this time the whole buſineſs of the ſeſſion was brought to a concluſion; for the Lords, who had the money-bills, would not paſs them, till this was ended. They carried their repreſentation to the queen, who in anſwer to it told them, *That ſhe would have granted the Writ of Error, but ſhe ſaw it was neceſſary to put a preſent concluſion to the ſeſſion.* This being reported to the Houſe, was looked on by them as a clear deciſion in their favour; therefore this ſhould be a caution to returning-officers, when they ſee they are liable to be ſued, and that a vote of the Houſe of Commons cannot ſcreen them, how they deny any who have a right to vote, their privilege on that occaſion.

Dean Swift was of a humour ſo frank that thoſe who were unacquainted with his manner, could hardly be prevail'd upon to conſider him in any other light than that of an unpoliſh'd clown; how far he might deſerve that character in general muſt be left to the determination of his moſt intimate acquaintance; but with regard to his behaviour upon particular occaſions, nothing could be more rude. The very laſt time he ever was at London

London, he went to dine with the earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. My lord being willing, perhaps, to ſurprize his lady with a new character, and to have ſome diverſion, forbore to introduce him in the uſual manner, or even to mention his name; and as he generally appeared in a ruſty gown, and had no very ſtriking perſon, her ladyſhip could not help eying her new gueſt.—After dinner, ſaid the dean, *Lady Burlington, I hear you can ſing; ſing me a ſong.* The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of aſking a favour, with diſguſt, and poſitively refuſed him. He ſaid, *ſhe ſhould ſing, or if he was her huſband he would make her. Why, madam, I ſuppoſe you take me for one of your poor, paultry, Engliſh hedge parſons; ſing, when I bid you.* As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was ſo vex'd that ſhe burſt into tears and retired.——His firſt compliment to her when he ſaw her again was, *Pray, madam, are you as proud and as ill-natur'd now, as when I ſaw you laſt?* To which ſhe anſwer'd with great good-humour, *No, Mr. Dean, I'll ſing for you, if you pleaſe.*

When Humphry, duke of Glouceſter, was regent of the kingdom, in the minority of Henry VI. there came to St. Alban's, (then the reſidence of the court) a poor, blind beggar and his wife; who for five or ſix days walked about the town, aſking alms, and tell-

ing a plauſible tale of his being warned in a dream to leave the town of Berwick, the place of his nativity, and ſeek St. Alban. This had a wonderful effect upon the minds of the people, and gave the prieſts of that time a fit opportunity to work upon their credulity. Great ſolemnity was uſed in preſenting the man before the ſhrine of the Saint, and great multitudes were aſſembled to be witneſſes of the iſſue; when inſtantly he received his ſight, to the aſtoniſhment of all beholders. This miracle being noiſed abroad, people far and near came flocking to town, and happy was he who could gain admittance to the perſon who had been bleſt with ſo ſignal a mark of the divine favour. In ſhort, every body ſpoke of this miracle with ſuch an air of confidence, that the king deſired the poor man to be brough before him, and the duke took upon him to examine into the matter for his majeſty's ſatisfaction. In order to this, he looked upon the man's eyes, and aſked him whether he ever had his ſight before? He ſaid he was born blind, and till the day of his preſentment before the holy ſhrine, he had never beheld the light; and this was confirmed by the man's wife. The duke then looked more attentively at his eyes, and ſaid, *he believed him*; *for, friend,* ſaid his grace, *I hardly think you can ſee now.* The man with great devotion lifted up his eyes to heaven, and ſaid, *he could ſee diſtinctly.*

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You can, ſaid the duke! Then, what colour is this garment? The beggar told him. He tried him again and again; and ſtill the beggar was ready. The duke then aſked him, *If he could tell the names of every man preſent?* His anſwer was, *He could not.*—— *Take this Impoſtor away, then,* ſaid the duke, *and let him be openly ſet in the ſtocks; for tho' he could have been ſuddenly reſtored to ſight ſo as to diſtinguiſh the difference of colours, yet he could no more tell the names of thoſe colours by ſight, unleſs he had known them before, than he could the names of every man here preſent.*— The man upon this conviction acknowledged the fraud, and pray'd forgiveneſs.

Cardinal Woolſey makes ſo great a figure in the Engliſh hiſtory, that every body ſhould be acquainted with his birth and the manner of his riſing in the king's favour. That he was a butcher's ſon at Ipſwich, is commonly known; but the particular circumſtance that firſt recommended him to Henry VII. was this: It happened that his majeſty had occaſion to ſend to the emperor Maximilian, about ſome buſineſs that required diſpatch, and Woolſey was pitched upon to be the meſſenger, who having received his inſtructions left the king at Richmond about noon, and by next morning got to Dover, from thence by noon he arrived at Calais, and by night was with the emperor; to whom having

ing delivered his meſſage, and received a preſent diſpatch, he returned before morning to Calais, and the night following came to the court at Richmond. The next morning he appeared before the king, who in the utmoſt violence of rage, was about to lay him dead at his feet for neglecting to execute his orders, which were of the utmoſt importance. Woolſey pacified his anger by preſenting to him the emperor's letter. The king aſtoniſh'd at his ſpeed, aſked him, *if he had met the meſſenger whom he had ſent after him, to acquaint him with a circumſtance which in his inſtructions he had forgotten.* Woolſey anſwer'd, that he had; adding, *that the commands he brought, I had diſpatch'd before; for knowing it to be of ſuch neceſſary dependance on my other inſtructions, I took the boldneſs to do it without a commiſſion, for which I humbly beſeech your majeſty's forgiveneſs.* The king ſeeing him of ſuch uncommon abilities, not only pardoned him, but beſtowed the deanry of Lincoln upon him, and ſoon after made him his Almoner.

King William was known and acknowledged by his enemies to be a prince of real courage; but there is no inſtance in hiſtory that points it ſo plain as an incident that happened to him after the battle of the Boyn, where, tho' he had eſcaped the danger of a cannon-ball which grazed his ſhoulder, and of a muſket-ball that ſtruck the heel of his boot

boot as he ſat on horſeback, yet when the enemy was put to the rout, he was in far greater jeopardy from one of his own men, who miſtaking him for an adverſary came up to him with his piſtol cock'd, and preſented it to his breaſt to ſhoot him; but the king, with all the indifference in the world, gently put by his piſtol, and only ſaid, *What! don't you know your friends?*

Some years ago a fiſherman between Lambeth and Vaux-hall was drawing a net pretty cloſe to the channel, when he found a great weight entangled in it, which with difficulty he and his companion drew to ſhore. Upon examining what it ſhould be, they were utterly at a loſs. But having ſhewn it about, ſome wiſer heads than their own diſcover'd it to be the Great Seal of England. This was a thing that occaſioned much ſpeculation. But at laſt it appeared, that king James, the night before he went away, had called for it from the lord Jefferies, who was then chancellor, under pretence of making a ſecret uſe of it for pardons or grants; but when he determined to fly, he thought either that the bulk or weight of it made it inconvenient to carry, or that it was hereafter to be of no farther uſe to him; and therefore that it might a little diſconcert his enemies, he had thrown it into the Thames. The fiſhermen, overjoy'd at their good fortune, carried it to court,

court, and received a handſome reward, tho' no uſe was ever made of it afterwards.

Thomas, archbiſhop of York, who lived in the reign of Henry I. and who was a prelate of much courage, having at an aſſembly held at Weſtminſter conteſted precedency with the archbiſhop of Canterbury in ſo unfriendly a manner, as by violence to force himſelf into his antagoniſt's lap when he was ſeated in the chair, by which indiſcretion he procured himſelf a good beating, tho' in the end, he carried his point; for pope Alexander, to whom the matter was referr'd, declared, that neither metrapolitan ſhould claim precedence of the other but according to the ſeniority of their ordination. This ſtout prelate, however, falling ill of a diſtemper, and adviſing with his phyſicians upon it, was told, that he could recover his health by no other means than the company of a woman. To which he anſwer'd, *that the remedy was worſe than the diſeaſe*; and ſo ſuffer'd himſelf to languiſh till he died.

Soon after the concluſion of the French war in the queen's time, a young, pert officer, who had been but lately liſted in the ſervice, came to the Ordinary at the Black-Horſe Inn in Holborn, where major Johnſon, a brave, rough, old Scotch officer, and one that feared the Lord, uſually dined. The young gentleman,

man, while at dinner, was venting ſome new-fangled notions, and ſpeaking, in the gaiety of his humour, againſt the diſpenſations of Providence. The major, at firſt, only deſired him to ſpeak more reſpectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more ſerious manner. *Young man*, ſaid he, *do not abuſe your Benefactor whilſt you are eating his bread. Conſider whoſe air you breathe, whoſe preſence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very ſpeech which you make uſe of to his diſhonour.* The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jeſt, aſk'd him, *if he was going to preach?* but at the ſame time deſired him to take care what he ſaid, when he ſpoke to a man of honour. *A man of honour!* ſays the major; *thou art an infidel and a blaſphemer, and I ſhall uſe thee as ſuch.*—In ſhort, the quarrel ran ſo high, that the young officer challenged the major. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow adviſed his antagoniſt to conſider the place into which one paſs might plunge him; but finding him grow upon him to a degree of ſcurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear, *Sirrah*, ſaid he, *if a thunderbolt does not ſtrike thee dead before I come at thee, I ſhall not fail to chaſtiſe thee for thy profaneneſs to thy maker, and thy ſaucineſs to his ſervant* Upon this he drew his ſword, and cried

cried out with a loud voice, *The ſword of the Lord and of Gideon!* which ſo terrify'd his antagoniſt, that he was immediately diſarm'd and thrown upon his knees. In this poſture he begged his life; but the major refuſed to grant it, before he had aſk'd pardon in a ſhort extemporary prayer, which the old gentleman dictated to him upon the ſpot, and which his proſelyte repeated to him in the preſence of the whole ordinary that were then gathered about them in the garden, to their no ſmall diverſion.

The emperor Leopold, who was a weak prince, and without courage, upon the approach of the Turks to attack his capital, quitted Vienna with precipitation, and retired to Lentz; and when he was informed that the enemy had actually inveſted Vienna, he fled ſtill farther off, as far as Paſſau, leaving the duke of Lorrain at the head of a little army, which had been already defeated by the Turks, to take what care he could of the fortunes of the empire. Every body believed the grand-viſier Cara-Muſtapha, who commanded the Ottoman troops, would have ſoon reduced the place; but his preſumption and brutal contempt of the chriſtians proved his ruin. His delays gave time for the arrival of *John Sobieſki*, of Poland, who being joined by the duke of Lorrain, fell furiouſly upon the Ottoman multitude, and forced them to abandon the ſiege. The emperor returned to his capital,

capital, under the ſhame of having quitted it, and made his entrance at the time when his deliverer was coming out of the church, where they had been ſinging *Te Deum*, and where the preacher for his text, had taken theſe words, *There was a man ſent from God, whoſe name was* John.

When Lewis XIV. was arrived at the meridian of his glory, the republic of Genoa happened to diſoblige him. The cauſe of offence was this: The Genoeſe had ſold bombs and gunpowder to the Algerines, with whom the Grand Monarque was at war; and were building four gallies for the ſervice of Spain. The king by his envoy commanded them not to launch thoſe gallies, and threatened them with a ſevere chaſtiſement in caſe of diſobedience. But the Genoeſe, incenſed at this attack upon their liberties, ſet him at defiance. The conſequence was, that fourteen large ſhips, twenty gallies, and ten bomb-veſſels, with ſeveral frigates, immediately ſet ſail from Toulon, and arrived before Genoa in a few days, where ten bomb-veſſels threw 14,000 bombs into the city, and reduced to a heap of ruins part of thoſe marble edifices which have gained Genoa the ſurname of Proud. The Genoeſe, to ſave themſelves from deſtruction, thought fit to ſubmit. The king inſiſted that the doge and four of the principal ſenators ſhould come and implore

his

his clemency, in his palace at Verſailles; and to prevent the Genoeſe from eluding this ſatisfaction, or depriving him of any part of his glory, he declared that the doge, who ſhould be ſent to beg his pardon, ſhould be continued in his dignity, notwithſtanding that particular law of Genoa, by which the doges are deprived of their dignity, whenever they abſent themſelves a moment from the city. All this was comply'd with; Imperialo Leſcaro, the then doge, was ſent into France, and made the required ſubmiſſion; which was no ſooner performed, than his majeſty ordered his miniſter to treat him with all imaginable ſtate. The doge was a man of great wit; and when the marquis of Senelai aſk'd him, what he thought moſt extraordinary at Verſailles; his anſwer was, *What appears moſt extraordinary to me, my lord, is to ſee myſelf here.*

After the French had ſuffered a continued ſeries of misfortunes by the loſs of the battle of Oudenarde, the taking of Liſle, Gent and Bruges, a general murmur ran through the officers of the French forces, as well as the common men. Thoſe of the duke de Vendome's diviſion imputed their misfortunes to the duke of Burgundy's council; who, on their ſide, charged all upon the duke de Vendome. One of the duke of Burgundy's courtiers, in particular, ſaid to Vendome with a heavy

heavy brow, *See, Sir, the conſequence of your never going to maſs; to this we muſt aſcribe all our misfortunes.*——*Do you think, then,* reply'd the duke contemptuouſly, *that Marlborough goes to maſs oftener than I?*

When queen Elizabeth firſt propos'd to the famous civilian Dr. Dale, his being employ'd by her in Flanders, ſhe, among other encouragements, told him, that he ſhould have twenty ſhillings a-day for his expences: *Then, madam,* ſaid he, *I will ſpend nineteen ſhillings a day.* What will you do with the odd ſhilling, the queen replied? *I will reſerve that for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick*; meaning his wife and children. This induced the queen to enlarge his allowance. During the doctor's ſtay in Flanders, he once ſent in a packet to the ſecretaries of ſtate, two letters, one to the queen and the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the queen was ſuperſcrib'd *To his dear wife*; and that for his wife, *To her moſt excellent majeſty*; ſo that the queen having opened his letter, found it beginning with *Sweet-Heart*, and afterwards with *my dear*, and *dear love*, with ſuch like expreſſions, acquainting her with the ſtate of his body, and that he began to want money. You may eaſily gueſs what motions of mirth this miſtake rais'd; but the doctor by his overſight got a ſupply of money.—— When upon the overtures for a treaty, the

other ambaſſadors came to propoſe in what language they ſhould treat, the Spaniſh ambaſſador ſaid, that the French was the moſt proper, becauſe, ſaid he to Dr. Dale, your miſtreſs inſtiles herſelf Queen of France. Nay, then, ſaid the doctor, let us treat in Hebrew, for your maſter calls himſelf king of Jeruſalem.

When Dr Shippen was principal of Brazen-Nose College in Oxford, he had the modeſty to put up for the profeſſorſhip of muſic in Greſham College; and tho' an entire ſtranger to that ſcience, yet he carried his election againſt a gentleman who very much excelled in it; ſuch is the regard paid to merit, and to the true intention of the donor upon ſuch occaſions. However, in a ſhort time afterwards the profeſſorſhip of aſtronomy became vacant, and the worthy electors, conſcious to themſelves of the injuſtice they had done the candidate whom they had ſo lately rejected, went in a body and made him a voluntary offer of this other profeſſorſhip, which was equal if not better in point of profit. But the gentleman, with a greatneſs of mind highly to be applauded, thank'd them for the favour they intended him, tho' he could by no means accept it; *for*, ſaid he, *I know no more of Aſtronomy, than Dr. Shippen does of Muſic.*

The

The great Stillingfleet (of whom ſome mention has already been made) about the latter end of king Charles II'ds reign, obſerving that high church principles were becoming every day more and more faſhionable at court, had his reaſons for preaching up heartily the religious obligation he pretended all good chriſtians were under to abſtain from *Fleſh*, and confine themſelves to the *eating* of *Fiſh* on the days appointed by the kalender for Faſts. On the Friday following, colonel Churchill, not without deſign, took occaſion to pay the biſhop a viſit about dinner time, and found him with a capon and a fine diſh of partridges before him. The Colonel appeared aſtoniſh'd! and the biſhop demanding the reaſon of his ſurpriſe; he reply'd, *my amazement is, to ſee Fleſh at your lordſhip's table on a Friday, after ſo excellent a diſcourſe as was laſt Sunday preach'd before the king againſt it.* The biſhop, after a little recollection, returned, *Let not this ſurpriſe you, Colonel, for faſting and abſtinence are only ſelf denials, you know; and therefore, as there is nothing in reality I love like* Fiſh, *to check the luſt of my appetite I ordered theſe few birds.*

Ven, one of the Regicides, whilſt he was governor of Windſor, had ſeized upon the eſtate of a Cavalier not far from his garriſon, and had very modeſtly put himſelf into poſſeſſion of it. And this did him great ſervice; for

for while the treaty of Uxbridge was depending, a great number of his friends, under different pretences, came daily to conſult him, and were all received and entertained at his ſeat there, with the greateſt privacy. In the mean time, ſeveral of his wife's relations came likewiſe to ſpend a part of the ſummer with her, and made this, by their own choice, the place of their reſidence, which gave a colour to the governor's frequent viſits, and rendered the correſpondence he maintained there quite unſuſpected. However, notwithſtanding all his artifices, and the artifices of thoſe of his party to the contrary, a report was ſpread that the king and the parliament were like to agree; and when this news was brought to Ven's, his lady and her company were then in the garden gathering of fruit. Every one was differently affected according to their particular views; but my good lady, after ſome pauſe, turning up her eyes with a devout reſignation, ſaid, *Verily, for my part, I could be content with peace too, ſo every one were ſuffered to ſit quietly under the ſhadow of his own vine, and enjoy the good things the Lord has put into our hands.*

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York-buildings, for public orations, he happened at that time to be pretty much behind-hand in his payments to his workmen; and coming one day among them

to

to ſee how they went forward, he order'd one of them to get into the Roſtrum, and make a ſpeech, that he might obſerve how it could be heard. The fellow mounting and ſcratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to ſay, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! ſaid the knight, no matter for that, ſpeak any thing that comes uppermoſt. *Why here, Sir Richard,* ſays the fellow, *we have been working for you theſe ſix months, and cannot get one penny of money. Pray, Sir, when do you deſign to pay us?* — *Very well, very well,* ſaid Sir Richard; *pray come down; I have heard enough; I cannot but own you ſpeak very diſtinctly, tho' I don't much admire your ſubject.*

When the earl of Stair was laſt ambaſſador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments to which the foreign ambaſſadors were conſtantly invited, not excepting the ambaſſador of France, with whoſe nation we were then upon the point of breaking. In return, the abbe de Ville, the French reſident, as conſtantly invited the Engliſh and Auſtrian ambaſſadors upon the like occaſions. The abbe was a man of vivacity, and withal was remarkable for a certain quaintneſs, in which he ſeem'd to take great pride. Agreeable to this humour, he one day propos'd a health in theſe terms: *The Riſing Sun*, my maſter; alluding to a motto of Lewis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company. It then

came to the baron de Reiſbach's turn to give a health; and he, to countenance the abbe and to pleaſe him, propoſed, *The Moon and fix'd Stars*, in compliment to his miſtreſs the Empreſs Queen, which was greatly applauded: and when it came to the earl's turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him; but as that nobleman, whoſe preſence of mind was never wanting upon ordinary as well as great occaſions, drank his Maſter, by the name of *Joſhua the ſon of Nun, who made the Sun and the Moon to ſtand ſtill.*

Sir Cl—dy M—cd—l, a Scots baronet, and member of parliament for one of the royal boroughs of that kingdom, came one morning, according to cuſtom to Sir Robert's levee, and without the leaſt ceremony laid hold of his ribband. Sir Robert could not readily diſengage himſelf, and the baronet lugg'd him to the window, in which, ſouting himſelf down, he had peeped to have an eſcape, which carried with it ſo loud a report that it threw the whole company into laughter. *Very well, Sir C—dy*, ſaid the miniſter, *pray what have you further to ſay?—Why, this is it is, Sir Robert: I owe fifteen hundred punds, and by G—d if you don't give it me I'll e'en go to-morrow to the Hooſe and vote according to my conſcience.* 'Tis to be preſumed the demand was comply'd with in private, tho' laugh'd at

at in public, as this gentleman voted with Sir Robert to the laſt.

The late unfortunate lord Kilmarnock, when young, was looked upon as one of the handſomeſt men of the kingdom, and on his firſt appearance at St. James's, attracted the eyes of the whole court. He had not been long in England, however, before he apply'd himſelf to Sir Robert Walpole, told him his quality, and withal made a tender of his ſervices to him, magnifying his own intereſt in the Highlands, and boaſting of how much conſequence he could be in keeping the clans quiet in caſe of any attempts to ſpirit them up to a rebellion. Sir Robert received him with great marks of favour and diſtinction, and was really much taken with the fine appearance and polite addreſs of the young nobleman; and after an hour or two's converſation, began to entertain a high opinion of his capacity, and to have ſome thoughts of employing him; and accordingly, when he roſe to take his leave, the miniſter aſſured him of his readineſs to ſerve him. *Nay, but Sir Robert*, quoth he, *I cam na here for compliments; I want ſome ſiller; I have ne'er a pund in my pouch, and have a preſent need of twa hundred, and cam a gang till ye gi'em me* Sir Robert was aſtoniſh'd to ſee a nobleman of his fine figure, ſo young, ſo gay, ſo well dreſs'd, and yet ſo beggarly.——He gave him the money;

diſ-

diſmiſs'd him——but took ſuch a diſguſt at the meanneſs of his ſpirit, that from that time forward he reſolved never to truſt him, nor ever did.

Sir Richard Onſlow, and Sir Anthony-Aſhley-Cooper (afterwards created earl of Shaftſbury) were one day invited by Sir John Danvers to dine with him at Chelſea, and deſired to come early, becauſe Sir John had an affair of moment to communicate to them. They went, as deſired; and being ſeated, Sir John told them he had made choice of them both for their known abilities and particular friendſhip to him, in order to adviſe with them in a matter of the greateſt conſequence relating to himſelf. He had, he ſaid, been a widower many years, and began to want ſomebody that might eaſe him of the trouble of houſekeeping, and take ſome care of him under the growing infirmities of old-age; and to that purpoſe had pitch'd upon a woman very well known to him by the experience of many years; in ſhort, added he, *'tis my houſe-keeper.* The gentlemen, who were well acquainted with the circumſtances of the family, and knew the woman very well, and were beſides, friends to Sir John's ſon and daughter, both grown up and fit for marriage, to whom they thought this match muſt be very mortifying; were for theſe reaſons in their hearts very much againſt it; and accordingly

cordingly, Sir Richard Onſlow began frankly to ſet the impropriety of marrying at his years before him, particularly to ſuch a woman; and ſo was going to enter upon a deſcription of her, and to ſet her out in her proper colours, which were ſuch as could not have pleaſed any man in a wife; when Sir Anthony interrupting him, ſaid, *Give me leave, Sir Richard, to aſk our friend one queſtion before you proceed*; ſo addreſſing himſelf to Sir John, *Tell me truly, Sir John*, ſaid he, *are you not already married?* Sir John, after a ſhort pauſe, anſwered with a ſmile, *Yes, truly he was, the day before.*——*Well then*, reply'd Sir Anthony, *there is no more need of our advice; pray, let us have the honour to ſee my lady, and wiſh her joy, and ſo to dinner*—As they were returning to London in their coach, *I am obliged to you*, ſaid Sir Richard, *for preventing me running into a deſcription which I am ſure could never have been forgiven me. But how could it enter into your head to aſk a man who had ſolemnly invited us on purpoſe to have our advice about a marriage he intended, had gravely propoſed the woman to us, and ſuffered us ſeriouſly to enter into the debate, I ſay, Sir Anthony, how could you aſk him, after all this, whether he were already married, or not?* The man, and the manner, reply'd Sir Anthony, gave me a ſuſpicion, that having done a fooliſh thing, he wanted to cover himſelf with the authority of our advice.

Sir

Sir John Meade, the anceſtor of the preſent Dr Meade, was bred to the law in Ireland, and was deſervedly diſtinguiſh'd as one of the fineſt orators that ever that nation produced. It happened that Sir Edward Seymour had an eſtate of 5000l. a year fall to him in Ireland; but this was a fortune too conſiderable to hope to get poſſeſſion of without difficulty, as there were other claimants under the ſame title, and therefore he found his perſonal appearance in that kingdom abſolutely neceſſary. It is to be obſerved that Sir Edward Seymour was accounted the proudeſt man in England; and Sir John Meade was no leſs remarkable for that ſame fault. Sir Edward landed at Dublin, filled with that ſovereign contempt which Engliſhmen generally have for the whole country; and meeting with ſome of his old friends who held the principal poſts of honour there, he enquired *Whether there were any ſuch creatures at Lawyers to be met with in that damn'd place?* They anſwer'd, *Yes, and thoſe very good ones*; but if he had any cauſe of importance to try, he muſt apply himſelf to Sir John Meade, if he hoped to carry it. *Well*, ſaid he, *let one of my fellows go and fetch him.* Your fellows! Sir Edward, ſaid one of the gentlemen; why 'tis odds if you can get acceſs to him yourſelf. *What the devil!* return'd he, *do Iriſh lawyers take ſuch ſtate upon them?* You are to conſider, Sir Edward, ſaid the other, he is a gentleman

of

of family, has a noble fortune, and is ſo eminent in his profeſſion, that ſhould he be employ'd againſt you, you may bid farewel to your cauſe. This laſt argument had ſuch force with it, that Sir Edward condeſcended to wait on Mead the next morning; who being appriz'd of what the other had ſaid, reſolved to be as ſtately as himſelf, and accordingly ſent him down word, *that he was then very buſy, but if he would pleaſe to ſtay till he was at leiſure, he would ſee him*; ſo, Sir Edward was ſhewn into a parlour, where he remained for an hour, to mortify, before he could obtain audience. When Mead thought he had humbled him enough, he then ſent to let him know, that he ſhould be glad to ſee him; and received him with a politeneſs natural to him; but when Sir Edward went to open his caſe, he told him, *he muſt leave his brief, for he could not ſpare time to hear him.* Sir Edward laid down his brief with a purſe of gold upon it; and then taking his leave, departed full of indignation that he had now met an Iriſhman prouder than himſelf. When the day appointed for trial came, there were ſeveral eminent council engaged on the oppoſite ſide; and Sir John, reſolving to try the patience of his client to the utmoſt, permitted every one of them to ſpeak before him, without interruption, and ſat drawing of birds with a pencil, while Sir Edward could hardly diſſemble his reſentment, thinking himſelf

himſelf betray'd, and judging by the pleadings that the cauſe muſt inevitably be determined againſt him. At length, however, Sir John ſtood up, and deſired to be heard; and having made himſelf maſter of the ſubject he was to ſpeak upon, he ſo fully refuted all Sir Edward's antagoniſts, and made his title to the eſtate ſo evident, and with ſuch maſterly eloquence, that he obtained a decree to be put in immediate poſſeſſion. On the breaking up of the court, Sir Edward preſſed Sir John to give him his company that evening; but he excuſed himſelf, telling his client he was that night engaged to a club. Well, then, ſaid Sir Edward, let me accompany you, if you think it will not be diſagreeable to your friends. Sir John made anſwer, they would all, he was ſure, think he did them honour. So accordingly, Sir Edward met them. Some of his friends finding him in bed at twelve o' clock on the enſuing day, he told them, he had been up all night. With whom, Sir Edward? *With*, return'd he, *with Homer, Plato, Socrates, Cicero, and all the ancient Greek and Latin poets, philoſophers, and orators.*

Every one has heard of the great Mr Lock, whoſe integrity of heart was equal to his fine underſtanding; accompliſhments that rarely accompany each other in ſo ſuperlative a degree. King William had ſo high an opinion of his talents, that he preſs'd him to go as ambaſſador

baſſador for him to one of the moſt conſiderable courts of Europe, which he declined becauſe of his bad ſtate of health. He then made him one of the lords-commiſſioners of trade and plantations, an eſtabliſhment at that time in its infancy. This poſt he enjoyed many years, and was conſidered, in a manner, as the ſoul of that illuſtrious body; but at length when he could no longer paſs the ſummer in London without endangering his life, he went and reſigned his commiſſion to the king, diſdaining to hold an employment of that importance without doing the duties of it. His majeſty intreated him to continue in it, telling him, that tho' he could ſtay at London but a few weeks, his ſervices in that office would yet be very neceſſary to him; but he perſiſted in his reſolution. He formed and executed this deſign without mentioning a word of it to any body whatſoever; thus avoiding with a generoſity rarely to be found, what others would have earneſtly ſought after; for by making it known that he was about to quit that employment which brought him in a thouſand pounds a year, he might eaſily have entered into a compoſition with any new candidate who being befriended with Mr. Lock's intereſt, might have carried the poſt from any other perſon. This he was afterwards reproached with for not doing, by one of his relations, to whom he made this reply; *I knew what you tell me very well, but that was*

the very reaſon why I communicated my deſign to no body. I received my commiſſion generouſly from the king himſelf and to him I reſolved to reſtore it, that HE *might have the pleaſure of beſtowing it upon ſome worthy man.*

The late Mr. Pope, whoſe character as a poet is generally known, was of a temper extremely unhappy to himſelf, and offenſive to others, of which his Dunciad will remain a laſting Monument. All who had offended him, and many who had not; ſome with whom he had been familiar, and others whom he never ſaw, are there treated with an equal degree of infamy and contempt; but none more remarkably ſo than his old friend Mr Cibber; the occaſion of which aroſe from a very ſingular incident. The play of the Rehearſal had long lain neglected, when his preſent majeſty, then prince of Wales, commanded it to be reviv'd, and in caſting the play (as the phraſe is) the part of Bays fell to Colley. To this character there had always been allow'd ſuch ludicrous liberties of obſervation upon any thing new, or remarkable, in the ſtate of the Stage, as Mr *Bays* might think proper to take. It happen'd, that much about this time, the play called *The Three Hours after Marriage*, ſuppoſed to be written by Mr Pope, and corrected by Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Gay, had been acted without ſucceſs; this, as the cuſtom was, lay

natu-

naturally enough in Mr Bays's way for him to have a fling at it and he foreſaw no great harm in embracing the opportunity. Accordingly, in Pope's play, two coxcombs being in love with a learned Virtuoſo's wife, to get unſuſpected acceſs to her, they ingeniouſly ſend themſelves, as two preſented rarities, to the huſband; the one curiouſly ſwath'd up like an Egyptian mummy, and the other ſlyly cover'd in the paſteboard ſkin of a crocodile; upon which poetical expedient, Mr. Bays, when the two kings of Brentford come from the clouds into the throne again, inſtead of what his part directed him to ſay, made uſe of theſe words; 'Now, Sir, this revolution I had ſome 'thoughts of introducing by a quite different 'contrivance; but my deſign taking air, 'ſome of your ſharp wits, I found, had 'made uſe of it before me; otherwiſe I in-'tended to have *ſtolen one of them in, in the 'ſhape of a Mummy, and t'other in that of a 'Crocadile*.' This jeſt, tho' flat enough in itſelf, was ſharpened by a general roar of applauſe that ſucceeded it; and Mr Pope took it ſo heinouſly, that in the ſwelling of his heart, after the play was over, he went behind the ſcenes with his lips pale and his voice trembling, to call Mr Cibber to account for the inſult; and accordingly fell upon him with all the foul language that a wit out of his ſenſes could be capable of——Cibber

only made him this reply; *Mr. Pope—you are ſo* particular a man *that I muſt be aſhamed to return your language as I ought to do; but ſince you have attackt me in ſo groſs a manner, this you may depend upon, that as long as the play continues to be acted, I will never fail to repeat the ſame words over and over again.* As Cibber was as good as his word, it ſhould ſeem that Mr. Pope afterwards thought his pen a ſharper weapon than his tongue to truſt his revenge with, and accordingly took an opportunity to give him the ſevereſt correction he could in the Dunciad, but never ventured to attack him again in the play-houſe. In this manner things ſtood for twenty years; when Cibber's friends began to rally him for his want of ſpirit to face Mr. Pope in print, which had the deſired effect. Cibber, by way of Letter, turned the public laugh upon him to ſuch a degree, that a ridiculous Print of him was hawk'd about the ſtreets to the unſpeakable mortification of the tender-minded bard, who has very well deſcribed his own temper in one of his Imitations of Horace:

But touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore

But what gave riſe to the Print was this; Pope in one of his Satires, puts this peremptory queſtion,

And has not Colley *too, his* lord *and* whore?

which Cibber very humouroufly return'd upon him thus;

And

And has not Sawney *too* his lord *and* whore? And to put it out of his power to deny that he had the latter, he tells the following story, which we chuse to set down in Cibber's own words: 'He may remember, says Colley, '(or if he won't, I will) when Button's coffee-'house was in vogue, and so long ago, as 'when he had not translated above two or 'three books of Homer; there was a late 'young nobleman (as much his lord as mine) 'who had a good deal of wicked humour, 'and who, tho' he was fond of having wits 'in his company, was not so restrained by 'his conscience, but that he lov'd to laugh at 'any merry mischief he could do them: this 'noble wag, I say, in his usual *gayeté de 'cœur*, with another gentleman still in be-'ing, one evening slyly seduced the celebrated 'Mr. Pope, as a wit, and myself as a laugher, 'to a certain house of carnal recreation near 'the Hay-market, where his lordship's fro-'lick propos'd, was to slip His little *Homer*, 'as he called him, at a girl of the game, 'that he might see what sort of a figure a 'man of his size, sobriety, and vigor (in verse) 'would make, when the frail fit of love had 'got into him; in which he so far succeeded, 'that the smirking damsel who served us 'with tea, happened to have charms suffi-'cient to tempt the little tiny manhood of 'Mr Pope into the next room with her; at 'which you may imagine his lordship was

'in as much joy at what might happen with-
'in, as our ſmall friend could probably be
'in the poſſeſſion of it. But I (forgive me
'all ye mortify'd mortals whom his fell ſatire
'has ſince fallen upon) obſerving he had
'ſtaid as long as without hazard of his health
'he might, I (*prickt to it by foolish honesty and
'love*, as Shakeſpear ſays) without ceremony,
'threw open the door upon him, where I
'found this little haſty hero, like a terrible
'*Tom-tit* pertly perching upon the mount of
'love. But ſuch was my ſurpriſe, that I
'fairly laid hold of his heels, and actually
'drew him down ſafe and ſound from his
'danger. My lord, who ſtaid tittering with-
'out, in hopes the ſweet miſchief he came
'for would have been compleated, upon my
'giving an account of the action within, be-
'gan to curſe and call me a hundred ſilly
'puppies, for my impertinently ſpoiling ſport;
'to which with great gravity I replied, *Pray,
'my lord, conſider, what I have done was in
'regard to the honour of the nation; for would
'you have had ſo glorious a work as that of
'making* Homer *ſpeak elegant* Engliſh, *cut
'ſhort by laying up our little gentleman of a
'malady, which his thin body might never
'have been cured of? No, my lord*; Homer
'*would have been too ſerious a ſacrifice to our
'evening merriment.*'—The reader, who has never ſeen the print, may figure to himſelf the idea of it by calling to his mind the three prin-

principal characters, the girl, the poet, and the player, in their reſpective attitudes, and it will require no ſort of heightening to provoke a ſmile. Pope never forgave this, but was unable to reſent it by any other means than making Colley the Hero of the ſecond edition of his Dunciad, inſtead of Tibbald, which ſhew'd rather ill-nature than wit.

The marriage of Mr ——— with Tereſia Conſtantia Phillips, is well known; and the means he made uſe of to obtain a ſentence of nullity of that marriage is likewiſe no ſecret. At firſt he attempted by brutal uſage to force her to conſent to a legal ſeparation; accordingly, he came to her one night, and after giving her all the abuſive language in his power, ſhe was provoked beyond all poſſibility of bearing it, and made him ſuch tart anſwers, that he roſe from his chair, and flying to the window where his ſword lay, *You bitch*, ſaid he, *if I am to be ruin'd you ſhall never live to ſee it*. Her ſiſter who was then in the room, ſcreamed out *Murder*, and the foo man running in, ——— had but juſt time to make one paſs at her, before the ſervant with a chair knock'd the ſword out of his terrible hand, and ſhelter'd her for that time from his intrepid wrath. He went immediately out of the houſe, ſwearing moſt gallantly, *ſhe ſhould not however long eſcape him*. That evening Dr Paul and ſome other friends

friends came to her houſe, and upon her telling them the uſage, they all agreed he muſt be a coward; and that if ſhe would pull up a ſpirit and frighten him a little, it would ſoon make him ſick of treating her in ſuch a ſcandalous manner. Neceſſity ſoon obliged her to follow their advice; for, the ſame night, or more properly ſpeaking at two o' clock the next morning, he came to the door, knocking as if he would beat it down. She had ordered her ſervants not to open it on any account, and riſing from her bed, ſhe went herſelf to the window of the dining-room, and perceived him with five or ſix of his ruffian counſellors and aſſiſtants at the door; but pretending not to know him, ſhe aſk'd, *Who is there? Who is there!* reply'd he; *you damn'd impudent bitch, you don't know me to be ſure! but order the door to be open'd, or, by G—d, I will inſtantly break it open, and every bone in your ſkin alſo.*——I will give you leave, thought ſhe to herſelf, when you gain admittance: but ſhe reply'd, *I don't know you indeed! you are robbers or ruffians that have beſet my houſe on ſome villainous intent, and if you don't inſtantly retire, I will give you from the window a brace of balls that I hope will have the good luck to bring down ſome of you.* This ſpeech ſet his companions into a loud laughter, and not being in the leaſt diſmay'd at her threats, they began to bang againſt the door with the clubs they had in their hands,

hands, and to fling up dirt at the windows; upon which, ſhe once more opened the ſaſh, and ſaid to them, *Well; I find you will not be eaſy, and go about your buſineſs!*—*No, you bitch*, ſaid he, *not till we have done yours.*—*Why, then, have at you*, ſaid ſhe; and having a ſmall piſtol tinder-box in her hand that uſed to ſtand by her bed-ſide, ſhe took from her ſervant a little powder with which he was making ſquibs, (the following day being the fifth of November,) and filling the cavity where the tinder is put, with the powder, ſhe fired it among them. The want of a paſſage made the exploſion full as loud as that of a piſtol, and the force of the powder cauſed it to fly out of her hand; but they, verily believing ſhe had put her menace in execution, heroically betook themſelves to their heels, and ſcoured off frightened out of their ſenſes. When they were recovered from their fright, and, like *Harlequin*, had examined themſelves, to ſee if they were really dead or alive, the next thing to be done was to lay their heads together, to try what uſe they could make of this adventure; and accordingly —— went the next morning, by the advice of his counſellors, to lord-chief-juſtice Pratt's chambers, where he ſwore the peace againſt her, and that he went every moment in danger of his life, for that ſhe had fired a piſtol at him with a deſign to murder him,

him, *and he ſo narrowly eſcaped, that he felt the bullet upon his head.*

Lewis XIV. has been repreſented by all the hiſtorians that ever wrote of him, except Voltaire, as the haughtieſt monarch that ever lived, till the dread of the duke of Marlborough and his victories ſunk his pride. And there is an anecdote or two related even by that writer himſelf, that confirms this character of him more than a volume of panegyrics. The duke d'Antin, ſays Voltaire, diſtinguiſhed himſelf to his ſovereign by a very ſingular art, which conſiſted in not ſaying *agreeable* things, but in doing them. The king went to lie at Petitbourg, and found fault with a large wall of trees, which conceal'd the river from his view: the duke cauſed them all to be cut down in the night and carried off. His majeſty, when he awaked in the morning, was ſurpriſed to find the proſpect he had wiſhed for, and the trees which he had diſliked vaniſhed, and aſked the duke if his caſtle were inchanted? *No*, replied the miniſter; *'tis becauſe your majeſty curſed the trees that they ſo ſuddenly periſh'd.*—— The duke, finding this kind of adulation acceptable to the king, carried it to a ſtill higher degree of vanity; for Lewis having found fault with a large wood at the end of the canal at Fontainbleau, he in the minute when his majeſty went out to take a walk,

walk, having had every thing in readineſs, ordered the wood to be thrown down, and inſtantly all the trees fell, as by a magic power. The courtier ſaying at the ſame time, *Thus, Sire, do your enemies adore your greatneſs, by falling down before it.*

In 1722, Sir Richard Steel, who had formerly repreſented the towns of Burroughbrig in Yorkſhire, and Stockbridge in the county of Hants, was at a loſs where to make his election in parliament, as his finances were at that time a little diſorder'd; however, he was at laſt adviſed by his friend Hamden, to try Wendover in Bucks; which he did, and in order to ſave expences, he thought of a ſtratagem that had the deſired effect. Inſtead of the uſual method of treating at every public houſe in town, he cauſed a handſome entertainment to be provided at the principal inn, and invited every marry'd elector with his wife, to be preſent at it. All who know the character of Sir Richard, are ſenſible how capable he was to make ſuch a company immoderately merry, and to keep them ſo for more than an evening or two if it had ſuited his purpoſe. Accordingly, he ſoon brought them to a pitch, and in the height of their jollity he took occaſion to addreſs himſelf to the ladies, telling them, that if what he was going to offer were agreeable to them, he hoped for their intereſt with their huſ-

huſbands to chuſe him as their repreſentative in parliament for that borough. The women were all impatient to hear what he had to ſay; and at laſt, ſaid Sir Richard, *Ladies, I hope there is none here but wiſhes herſelf the mother of a man-child, and as an encouragement to uſe your beſt endeavours, I promiſe each of you twenty guineas for every male you ſhall bring into the world within theſe ten months, and forty provided you bring twins.* The time when this was ſaid, and his manner of ſaying it, produced what he had imagined it would, a good deal of love and a good deal of laughing; it gained upon the affections of the wives, and the wives got the voices of their huſbands; ſo that Sir Richard carried his election againſt a powerful oppoſition by a great majority.

In Dorſetſhire there is a monthly meeting of almoſt all the clergy in that county, who keep up by that means the greateſt harmony among one another that can be. At theſe meetings, the reverend Mr Pit is a conſtant member. Mr Pit is an excellent ſcholar, a ſound divine, a good companion, and a friendly neighbour; but his talent of preaching is eclipſed by a bad voice. His coachman, who was a ſimple, honeſt fellow, among other diſcourſe with the brethren of the cloth, that like him attended their maſters on thoſe occaſions, was wondering one

day

day what ſo many parſons met ſo frequently together for? *Why, to zwap zermons, to be zure*, ſaid a ready-witted fellow who happened to be of the company. *Then*, ſaid Mr Pit's coachman very inoffenſively, *Ize zure they cheat my maſter, for he never gets a good one; and if that be the caze, if he would be rul'd by a fool he ſhould never zwap another with them.*

Upon the acceſſion of his late majeſty to the throne, the parliament being diſſolved, and a new one called, (April 13, 1715) a committee of ſecrecy was choſen, to enquire into the conduct of the queen's late miniſtry, of which committee Mr Walpole (who as has been ſaid was ſo violently perſecuted by that miniſtry before) was now choſen chairman; and he was not wanting in his turn, to proſecute his enemies with the ſame degree of violence that he had formerly been proſecuted by them. Accordingly, before he read the report of the committee, he moved the Houſe, *That ſome ſuſpicious perſons might be committed, who ſhould be named to the Speaker, leſt they ſhould have notice from what ſhould be read in the report againſt them, to make their eſcape.* The proper reſolutions for that purpoſe being taken, Mr Speaker iſſued out his warrants to the ſerjeant at arms to take into cuſtody the ſeveral perſons named by Mr Walpole, particularly Mr Matthew Prior, and Mr Thomas

Harley; the first of whom was immediately apprehended, and the other some hours after. Walpole then read the report and gave it in at the table; but Mr Prior, who was so nearly concern'd in the contents of it, drew up a most masterly answer to it, wherein he criticises the language and style, and endeavours to falsify most of the facts. *The first thing they express*, says Prior, *is, the surprize they are in to* find *several books and papers* wanting *To* find *them* wanting *is extreme good English; but the sense this phrase must bear, is, that they* sought *for what they could not* find. Mr Walpole after this moved, that the persons taken into custody might be examined in the most solemn manner; which being granted, he informed the House two days after, that Matthew Prior, Esq; had been examined the day before, when there appeared such matters of importance, that the committee desired he might be taken into close custody, as he was accordingly. Mr Prior afterwards drew up an account of this matter himself, wherein he humourously takes off the characters and behaviour of several of the committee men, particularly secretary Stanhope, Mr Lechmere, lord Coningsby, Mr Boscawen, and Mr Walpole, whom he puts in a sullen humour; and speaking of Boscawen, he says, *I cannot here omit a ridiculous instance of my Middlesex justice's skill in the law: he was just going to set his name on the*

the left hand of the paper, where I was to have ſet mine; and if he had not been timely cautioned by the chairman, it would have been the depoſition of Hugh Boſcawen ſworn before me Matthew Prior.

When Charles XII. king of Sweden was in exile at Bender, after the unfortunate battle of Pultowa, his dominions were harraſs'd continually, and ſome of them divided among his enemies. The king of Denmark got the dutchies of Bremen and Verden, lying between the Elbe and the Weſer, and between the dominions of the Houſe of Brunſwic-Lunenberg and the German ocean. This made them a commodious purchaſe for the king of Great Britain, elector of Hanover, as they would open him a communication between his electorate and his kingdoms. The king of Denmark eaſily parted with the precarious tenure, which a little ſucceſs on the ſide of Charles would have enabled him to recover, and for the loan of 60,000 l. George I. got them ſequeſtred into his hands. The Swediſh hero, enraged to ſee his dominions thus publickly put to ſale, conceiv'd a reſentment againſt the purchaſer, who at that time reign'd in the hearts of but half his ſubjects. An unſucceſsful rebellion had indeed ſomewhat reduced the oppoſite party, but had not alter'd their ſentiments; and they waited but for proper aſſiſtance to make another puſh in be-

half of him whom they deemed their rightful ſovereign. If they had looked thro' all Europe, ſcarce ſuch another leader as the king of Sweden could have been found for their purpoſe. He was return'd to his ſhatter'd dominions, breathing vengeance againſt all his oppreſſors. Gortz, his miniſter, entered into a correſpondence with cardinal Alberoni, who in a ſhort time had greatly reſtored the affairs of Spain, and they between them formed the plan of an invaſion in Scotland, where the heads of the party were let into the deſign, and expected the execution with impatience. To manage things the better, Gortz went ambaſſador to Holland, and Gyllenburg, one of his creatures and an able man, was ſent into England. Even the czar Peter, was upon the point of coming into this ſcheme, which was to terminate the war between him and Sweden; but this conſpiracy, as has been already obſerved, was diſcovered by the particular addreſs of the earl of Stair, then ambaſſador at the court of France, who ſent advice of it by an expreſs to London. Immediately Gyllenburg was ſeiz'd in that capital, as was Gortz ſoon after at the Hague. Their papers were publiſh'd by the Britiſh miniſtry, and the whole deſign by being expos'd was defeated.

Sir Richard Steel having one day invited to his houſe a great number of perſons of the firſt

firſt quality, they were ſurpriſed at the number of liveries which ſurrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had ſet them free from the obſervation of rigid ceremony, one of them enquired of Sir Richard how ſuch an expenſive train of domeſtics could be conſiſtent with his fortune. Sir Richard very frankly confeſſed that they were fellows, of whom he would very willingly be rid; and being then aſk'd why he did not diſcharge them, declared *that they were bailiffs, who had introduced themſelves with an execution; and whom, ſince he could not ſend them away, he had thought it convenient to embelliſh with liveries, that they might do him credit while they ſtaid.* His friends were diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt diſcharged their attendance; having obliged Sir Richard to promiſe that they ſhould never again find him graced with a retinue of the ſame kind.

Mr Savage, of whoſe character we ſhall ſpeak hereafter, was once deſired by Sir Richard Steel with an air of the utmoſt importance, to come very early to his houſe in the morning; Mr Savage came as he had promiſed, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting ready to go into it. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire, but immediately ſeated

himſelf with Sir Richard; the coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurry'd with the utmoſt expedition to Hyde-Park-Corner, where they ſtopt at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then inform'd him, that he intended to publiſh a pamphlet, and that he had deſired him to come thither that he might write for him. They ſoon ſat down to the work; Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was ſurpriſed at the meanneſs of the entertainment; and after ſome heſitation ventured to aſk for wine, which Sir Richard not without reluctance ordered to be brought. They then finiſhed their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon. Mr Savage then imagined his taſk over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home: but his expectations deceived him; for Sir Richard told him, that he was without money, and that the pamphlet muſt be ſold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production to ſale for two guineas, which with ſome difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and compos'd the pamphlet only to diſcharge his reckoning.

Having

Having mentioned Mr Savage, his ſtory cannot fail to excite attention. In the year 1697, Anne, counteſs of Macclesfield, having lived for ſome time upon very uneaſy terms with her huſband, thought a public confeſſion of adultery the moſt obvious and expeditious method of obtaining a divorce, and therefore declared, that the child with which ſhe was big was begotten by the earl Rivers. This, it may be imagined, made her huſband no leſs deſirous of a ſeparation than herſelf, and he proſecuted his deſign in parliament with ſuch effect, that he ſoon procured an act for diſſolving the marriage, annulling the nuptial contract, and illegitimating their children; in conſequence whereof, on the 3d of March, he was ſeparated from his wife, whoſe fortune, which was large, was repaid her, and who on the 10th of January had been delivered of a ſon. This ſon, earl Rivers very frankly acknowledged, by ſtanding godfather, giving him his own name, and recommending the care of his education to his mother, of whoſe tenderneſs of her own offspring he could not harbour the leaſt ſuſpicion No ſooner, however, were all theſe ceremonies over and recollection began to operate upon her mind, than lady Macclesfield began to conſider this innocent infant as the cauſe of that infamy which her own incontinence and the violence of her averſion to her lord, had brought upon herſelf,

ſelf, and to diſcover a reſolution of diſowning him: accordingly, in a very ſhort time, ſhe cauſed him to be removed from her ſight, and committed to the care of a poor woman, with whom ſhe made an agreement to educate him as her own, enjoining her at the ſame time never to inform him of his true parents. However, as it was impoſſible to avoid the enquiries which the curioſity of her relations made after the child, ſhe was obliged to give ſome account of the meaſures ſhe had taken, to her mother, the lady Maſon, who, in conjunction with Mrs Loyd his godmother, paid that regard to his infant weakneſs which the barbarity of his mother made particularly neceſſary, till death put a period to the tenderneſs of the latter, and perhaps his own ingratitude to that of the former. When Mrs Loyd died, he was then about ten years of age, and lady Maſon placed him at a ſmall Grammar-ſchool near St Alban's, where he was called by the name of his nurſe, without the leaſt intimation that he had a claim to any other, and where his progreſs in learning muſt have been very rapid, as the improvements he made were more than proportioned to the time that was allotted him; for in a few years the cruelty of his mother prompted her to form a project of diſcarding him for ever, by ſecretly ſending him to the American Plantations. Failing however in this, ſhe cauſed his reputed

mother

mother to place him with a ſhoemaker in Holborn, where it is probable he was employ'd at the awl much longer than he himſelf was willing to confeſs. It muſt be remembered, that while our youth was at ſchool, his father the earl Rivers was ſeized with a diſtemper, which in a ſhort time put an end to his life. He had frequently enquired after this ſon of his, and had always been amuſed with fallacious and evaſive anſwers; but being now in his own opinion on his death-bed, he thought it his duty to provide for him among his other natural children, and therefore demanded a poſitive account of him, with an importunity not to be diverted or deny'd. His mother declared that he was dead. The earl did not imagine there could exiſt in woman's form a mother that would ruin her ſon without enriching herſelf, and therefore beſtowed upon ſome other perſon 6000 l. which he had in his will bequeathed to Savage. All this while the youth remained in a literal ſenſe *a ſtranger to himſelf*; but his nurſe dying, who had always treated him as her ſon, in rummaging her effects which he now looked upon as his own, he found ſeveral letters written to her by lady Maſon, which informed him of his birth, and the reaſons for which it was concealed. On this diſcovery, the vileneſs of his occupation appeared deteſtable to him; he thought he had a right to ſhare the affluence of his mother, and there-

therefore applied to her as her ſon, uſing every art to awaken her tenderneſs and attract her regard; but without effect. She ſtill reſolved to neglect, tho' ſhe could no longer diſown him; and ordered him to be excluded from her houſe by whomſoever he might be introduced, and what reaſon ſoever he might give for entering it. The poor youth was at the ſame time ſo touch'd, or perhaps ſo elated with the diſcovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for ſeveral hours before her door, in hopes of ſeeing her as ſhe might come by accident to the window, or croſs the apartment with a candle in her hand. But all his aſſiduity and tenderneſs were to no purpoſe; he could neither ſoften her heart, nor open her hand; and was reduced to the utmoſt miſeries of want, while he was endeavouring to awaken the affection of a mother. He was therefore obliged to ſeek ſome other means of ſupport, and having no profeſſion, became by neceſſity an Author. With the few inſtructions he had received, and his own obſervation, he finiſhed a comedy called *Woman's a Riddle*, and in his eighteenth year offered it to the ſtage; but not being accepted, two years afterwards he wrote *Love in a Veil*, another comedy, which was received and acted; but being late in the year, he reaped no other advantage from its ſucceſs than the acquaintance of Sir Richard

Richard Steel and Mr Wilks, by whom he was pitied, careſſed, and relieved. Sir Richard having declared in his favour with all the ardour of benevolence which conſtituted his character, promoted his intereſt with the utmoſt zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, took all opportunities of recommending him, and aſſerted, *that the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father.* By Mr Wilks's interpoſition he once received from his mother the ſum of 50l. with a promiſe of 150l. more, which ſhe never paid him. But Mrs Oldfield was ſo much pleaſed with his converſation and touch'd with his misfortunes that ſhe allowed him a ſettled penſion of 50l. a year, which during her life was regularly paid; and this, added to the profits of his writings, and the liberal contributions of his friends, and the favour of the players, by whoſe intereſt he ſometimes procured a benefit, might have ſupported him even to prodigality, had his expences been regulated with œconomy; but the abuſe of riches was among the foibles of this unhappy man's life, the moſt diſtreſsful incident of which, juſt as he was advancing in reputation, I ſhall beg leave to relate, as it is properly the Anecdote to which what has hitherto been ſaid, is only by way of introduction. On the 20th of November, 1727, Mr Richard Savage came from Richmond, where he then lodged, that

he might purſue his ſtudies with leſs interruption, with an intent to diſcharge another lodging which he had in Weſtminſter; and accidentally meeting two gentlemen of his acquaintance, whoſe names were *Merchant* and *Gregory*, he went with them to a neighbouring coffee-houſe, and ſat drinking till it was late, it being in no time of his life any part of his character to be the firſt of his company that deſired to ſeparate. He would willingly have gone to bed in the ſame houſe, but there was not room for all three, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the ſtreets, and divert themſelves with ſuch amuſements as ocurred till morning. In their walk they happened unluckily to diſcover light in Robinſon's coffee-houſe near Charing-Croſs, and therſore went in. Merchant with ſome rudeneſs demanded a room, and was told that there was a good fire in the next parlour, which the company were about to leave, being then paying their reckoning. Merchant, not ſatisfy'd with this anſwer, ruſhed into the room, and was followed by his companions. He then petulantly placed himſelf between the company and the fire, and ſoon after kick'd down the table. This produced a quarrel, ſwords were drawn on both ſides, and one Mr James Sinclair was killed; Savage having likewiſe wounded a maid that held him, forced his way with Merchant out of the houſe; but being intimidated

timidated and confuſed without reſolution either to fly or ſtay, they were taken in a back court by one of the company and ſome ſoldiers whom he had called to his aſſiſtance. Being ſecured and guarded that night, they were in the morning carried before three juſtices, who committed them to the Gate-houſe, from whence upon the death of Mr Sinclair, which happened the ſame day, they were removed in the night to Newgate, where however they were treated with ſome diſtinction, exempted from the ignominy of chains, and confined not among the common criminals, but in the Preſs-yard. When the day of trial came, the court was crowded in a very unuſual manner, and the public appeared to intereſt itſelf as in a cauſe of general concern. The witneſſes againſt Mr Savage and his friends were, the woman who kept the houſe and her maid, the men who were in the room with Mr Sinclair, and a woman of the town who had been drinking with them. They ſwore in general that Merchant gave the provocation, which Savage and Gregory drew their ſwords to juſtify; that Savage drew firſt, and that he ſtabb'd Sinclair when he was not in a poſture of defence, or which was worſe, while Gregory commanded his ſword; that after he had given the thruſt he turned pale, and would have retired, but that the maid clung round him, and one of the company endeavoured

to detain him, from whom he broke by cuting the maid on the head, but was afterwards taken in a court. Add to this, that Sinclair had declared ſeveral times before his death, that he received his wound from Savage; nor did Savage on his trial deny the fact, but endeavour'd partly to extenuate it by urging the ſuddenneſs of the whole action, and the impoſſibility of any ill deſign or premeditated malice, and partly to juſtify it by the neceſſity of ſelf-defence, and the hazard of his own life, if he had loſt that opportunity of giving the thruſt: with regard to the violence with which he endeavoured his eſcape, he declared, that it was not his deſign to fly from juſtice, or decline a trial, but to avoid the expences and ſeverities of a priſon, and that he intended to have appeared at the bar without compulſion.—This defence which took up more than an hour, was heard by the multitude that thronged the court with the moſt attentive and reſpectful ſilence. Thoſe who thought he ought not to be acquitted owned that applauſe could not be refuſed him; and thoſe who before pitied his misfortunes, now reverenced his abilities. Had his audience been his judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted: but Mr Page, who was then upon the bench, treated him with his uſual inſolence and ſeverity, and when he had ſummed up the evidence, endeavoured to exaſperate the jury, as Mr Savage

vage uſed to relate it, with this eloquent harangue; *Gentlemen of the jury, you are to conſider, that Mr Savage is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he wear s very fine cloaths, much finer cloaths than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; but, gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard caſe, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr Savage ſhould therefore kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury.* In conſequence of this ſpeech, and the evidence of the witneſſes, Mr Savage was found guilty, and had now no hopes of life but from the mercy of the crown, which was very earneſtly ſollicited by his friends, and which, with whatever difficulty the ſtory may obtain belief, was obſtructed only by his mother. The counteſs of Hertford, however, ſo ſucceſsfully interceded for him that he was ſoon admitted to bail, and on the 9th of March, 1728, pleaded the king's pardon.

Mr Wilks, who, with Colley Cibber and Mr Dogget, was one of the managers of the Old Houſe under Sir Richard Steel, was a gentleman of great humanity, and remarkably kind to his countrymen, where he obſerved the leaſt deſert; one inſtance does great honour to his memory, which was this: Mr Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered by an impediment in his pro-

nunciation from engaging in orders, for which his friends deſigned him, left his own country, and came to London in queſt of employment, but found his ſollicitations fruitleſs, and his neceſſities every day more preſſing. In this diſtreſs he wrote a tragedy, and offered it to the players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his laſt hopes defeated, and he had no other proſpect than that of the moſt deplorable poverty. But Mr Wilks thought his performance, tho' not perfect, at leaſt worthy of ſome reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he improved with ſo much diligence, that the Houſe afforded him a conſiderable ſum, with which he went to Leyden, applyed himſelf to the ſtudy of phyſic, and proſecuted his deſign with ſo much diligence and ſucceſs, that when Dr Boerhaave was deſired by the Czarina to recommend proper perſons to introduce into Ruſſia the practice and ſtudy of phyſic, Dr Smith was one of thoſe whom he ſelected. He had a conſiderable penſion ſettled on him at his arrival, and is now, or was lately, one of the chief phyſicians at the Ruſſian court.

When Mr P——ney, now E. of B—th, quarrelled with Sir R—t W——le, afterwards earl of Orford, and threw up his employments at court in conſequence of that quarrel, a paper-war enſued, which was carried

ried on with great acrimony on both ſides, and in the courſe of the diſpute ſome ſecrets were diſcovered, which moſt people thought ought not to have been revealed. One of the moſt curious Anecdotes then made public, concerned the reconcilation between his preſent m—ſty, then prince of Wales, and the late king. Mr P——y aſſures us, upon his honour, that Mr W——le told him of that reconciliation, and that a bargain was made for thoſe whigs who had reſigned their employments, to be reſtored by degrees. To this Mr P——y replied, *Who, pray, is it that has had authority to make this bargain?* The anſwer was, *I have done it with the miniſtry; and it was inſiſted on that lord Townſhend ſhould know of the tranſaction. Neither lord Cowper, the Speaker, nor any other elſe knew it, and therefore we hope you will not take it amiſs that it was kept a ſecret from you.* *Not I,* ſaid Mr P——; *but I think it very odd, that any one ſhould preſume to take a plenary authority upon himſelf, to deal for ſuch numbers as were concern'd in an affair of this conſequence.* 'Twas replied, *We have not had our own intereſts alone in view; we have bargained for all our friends. I am to be at the head of the treaſury; lord Sunderland would be the diſpoſer of the ſecret ſervice money; but I would not conſent, knowing that the chief power of a miniſter depends on the diſpoſition of it. We know that you value nothing of this kind, and*

ſo have obtained a peerage for you.—Since you acquaint me, ſays Mr P——y, *with what terms you have made for me, what are thoſe you have made for the prince?* To this Mr W—le anſwered with a ſneer, *Why, he is to go to court again, and will have his drums, and his guards, and ſuch fine things.* Being aſk'd whether the prince was to be left regent again, when the king went out of England, he anſwered, *No, why ſhould he? He does not deſerve it. We have done too much for him; and if it were to be done again, we would not do ſo much.*

There is a very remarkable paſſage in the life of Sir Thomas Moor, who was lord-chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VIII. and beheaded by that tyrant for refuſing to acknowledge his ſupremacy over the church. One of the articles charged againſt him was this, that upon his examination in the Tower, it being demanded, if he approved the Act of Supremacy; his anſwer was, *That the queſtion was like a two-edged ſword; if he anſwered one way it would deſtroy his body; and if the other way, his ſoul:* But what particularly deſerves to be remembered of him is, that while he executed the high office already mentioned, his expedition in determining cauſes was ſuch, that one day when he called for the next cauſe, it was anſwered, *There are no more to be heard*; all

ſuits in that court depending and ready for hearing, being finally determined; on which occaſion ſome perſons of that time made theſe verſes:

When More *ſome years had chancellor been*
No more *ſuits did remain,*
The ſame ſhall never more *be ſeen*
Till More *be there again.*

In the laſt year of queen Anne's reign, when lord Bolingbroke and ſome others of the miniſtry had appointed Mr Barber, (afterwards alderman Barber) to print a pamphlet, which was entitled, *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, in anſwer to Sir Richard Steel's CRISIS; and, at that time, was calculated to ſerve ſome other important purpoſes; there happened to be one paſſage in it highly injurious to the Scots, and ſeverely reflecting on their whole nation. This exceptionable part was ſoon faſtened upon by the nobility of that kingdom, and reſented as ſoon as it appeared in public. The Scots Peers took notice of it in the houſe of lords, with the ſtrongeſt marks of indignation; they complained of the inſult, and inſiſted on having the author and printer puniſhed with the greateſt ſeverity. This was an unexpected alarm to the miniſtry, who were under an abſolute neceſſity of diſowning publickly, what they privately had committed to the preſs. In this dilemma Barber was ſent for with all imaginable haſte, in order

der to conſult what method or expedient could be hit upon to extricate them all out of their preſent difficulty. The miniſtry not willing to appear in the affair, rather promoted the proſecution of the printer, than in any degree ſeemed to diſcourage it; and therefore it was agreed to by the lords, that the printer ſhould be brought before them the day following. This, Barber knew, and with great ſagacity took back all the unſold copies from the publiſhers before the ſtate-meſſengers had made any ſearch for them, and in an exceeding ſhort ſpace of time ſent them an equal number of pamphlets which to all appearance were the very ſame; but lord Bolinbroke had drawn up for Barber another paragraph which was inſerted, inſtead of the obnoxious one. This alteration was executed ſo ſpeedily, and the faulty ſheet cancelled thro' the whole impreſſion with ſo great care and expedition, that when the books were ſeized in his cuſtody, and he brought to anſwer before the lords, the whole was ſettled and adjuſted to the ſafety as well as the ſatisfaction of the author. According to order Barber appear'd before the Houſe the next day; and being interrogated as to his printing and publiſhing ſuch a pamphlet, he poſitively deny'd, that in the edition he had printed there was any ſuch paragraph as they ordered to be read publickly to him. To convict him effectually they called for one of thoſe very books which

were

were taken in his poſſeſſion, and referred to the particular page. But, to their amazement, as well as great diſappointment, no traces of ſuch reflections were to be found, the ſuſpected page being filled rather with compliment than invective; on which he was honourably diſcharged.

It is recorded of Julius Cæſar, that long before the conſpiracy againſt him of which Caſſius and Brutus were the ringleaders, he had warning given him of his death by many evident preſages, but particularly by a certain aſtrologer, who by the planetary configurations had foreſeen ſome imminent danger to threaten him on the day of the Ides of March, meaning the 15th of that month. Cæſar was himſelf an aſtronomer, as appears by his correcting the kalendar, which till his time was very erroneous; but he ſeems to have entertain'd the utmoſt contempt of the art of divination; for on that day, Cæſar meeting the aſtrologer as he was going to the ſenate-houſe, merrily rallied him on his ides of March. *They are come, 'tis true,* ſaid the venerable old father, *but they are not yet paſt.*— In a few hours after he was ſtabbed with 23 wounds, and giving only one groan, expired.

There is a parallel ſtory to this told in Father Daniel's Hiſtory of France. Henry VI. ſays that hiſtorian, was diſſwaded from going abroad

abroad the day on which the villain Ravillac accompliſhed his treaſon. The reaſon was, the wiſe men who had been employ'd to calculate his nativity had foretold, that his life would be in very great danger on that day; but his majeſty deſpiſing thoſe preſages, like a king and a chriſtian reply'd, *that it was an offence to God to diſtruſt his providence, and that having God to his guard, he feared no man.*

We have already related an Anecdote of Mr *****, while he yet acknowledged himſelf huſband to the celebrated Conſtantia Philips; but having obtained a ſentence of nullity of their marriage *(partly* by conſent) he afterwards married ſerjeant *****'s daughter, and in a few days after their marriage, (it being the king's birth-day) they made their firſt appearance at court. Mrs Conſtantia Philips, being appriſed of what would happen, went likewiſe to court dreſſed in the gayeſt manner; and happening to be in the drawing-room, before the new bride, bridegroom, and the reſt of the family came in, it afforded great entertainment to thoſe who knew them all, to obſerve the embarraſſment of their different countenances. Mr M**** diſcovered great confuſion at the ſight of his former wife; and was ſo little able to bear the ſhock, that he retired from the rooms with the utmoſt precipitation. The father and mother of the new bride, perceiving

ceiving their ſon-in-law ſo much diſconcerted, caught the contagion; and every face but that of the young lady, who was alone unconſcious of guilt, betrayed a perplexity, which gave no very advantageous idea of their innocence. Conſtantia, when all this happened, was ſitting in a window with the late duke of Argyle; and giving the hint to his Grace, whoſe excellent wit and turn of humour is ſo well known, it may be imagined he would hardly loſe ſuch an opportunity of laughing with or more properly at the ſerjeant, who was well acquainted with the whole connexion between Conſtantia and his new ſon-in-law, and that it was in her power to renew her claim of marriage whenever ſhe thought proper. Accordingly his Grace going up to the ſerjeant with a countenance full of gravity, wiſh'd him joy; and chatting about indifferent matters, inſenſibly drew him to that part of the room in which Conſtantia was; then pointing towards her, ſaid, *Pray, D* * * *, did you ever ſee ſo beautiful a creature! ſuch a ſhape! ſuch a ſkin! ſuch eyes! for God's ſake do you know her? I am quite in love with her, and ſhall go diſtracted till I can learn who ſhe is! Egad*, continued the duke, *if I were not married, that ſhould be the lady.* Never was man ſo tortured as the poor ſerjeant, who did not think fit to confeſs he knew her; but gravely anſwered, *he admitted ſhe was a moſt charming creature*; and at the ſame

time

time freed himſelf from the duke's raillery, under pretence of going to make his bow in the circle; and I believe, rejoiced in his eſcape: for he was too well acquainted with his Grace's talent not to underſtand the ridicule intended; and which, no doubt, put the good old ſerjeant in the condition of the Frogs in the Fable—*What was Mirth to the duke, was Death to D* * * * *.

In the firſt Dutch war that happened in king Charles IId's reign, prince Rupert and the duke of Albemarle jointly commanded the fleet on the coaſt of Suſſex; but it was in general obſerved that the duke left all things to the conduct and ſkill of the prince, declaring modeſtly upon all occaſions, that he was himſelf no ſeaman. One time, however, a hot diſpute aroſe between them, which will ſerve to illuſtrate ſome part of the duke's character. When prince Rupert firſt ſpied the Dutch fleet making towards him, the whole blue ſquadron was ſo far a-ſtern, that the prince thought it abſolutely neceſſary to ſlacken ſail, that they might have time to join. But the duke of Albemarle oppoſed this eagerly, undertaking that the ſhip in which they were, with about twenty more, would prove ſufficient to beat all the enemy's fleet; at leaſt to keep them in play till the reſt ſhould come up. The prince aſoniſh'd at ſuch unaccountable intrepidity, made the officers

ſ. ers on board ſmile to ſee him take on himſelf the timorous, cautious, and prudenti a part, which did not uſe to be his cuſtom: he declared he would never conſent to ſuch a raſhneſs as might very probably occaſion the loſs of the admiral's ſhip, and perhaps the ruin of the whole fleet in conſequence of that loſs; which obliged the good old man to yield at laſt, tho' with great reluctance. As ſoon however as the bloody flag was ſet up, before the ſtorm aroſe that parted the fleets at this time, Mr Savill and another gentleman-volunteer, being on the quarter-deck, obſerved him charging a very little piſtol, and putting it in his pocket, which was ſo odd a ſort of weapon on ſuch an occaſion, that they could imagine no other reaſon for it, except his having taken a reſolution of going into the powder-room to blow up the ſhip, in caſe at any time ſhe ſhould be in danger of being taken, for his grace had often been heard to ſay, that he would anſwer for nothing but that they ſhould never be carried into Holland; and therefore Savill and his companion, in a laughing way, moſt mutinouſly reſolved to throw him over-board, in caſe they ſhould ever catch him going down to the powder-room.

Not long after this, our fleet happening to go near the ſhore to take in freſh water, prince Rupert dined with a gentleman who lived in

the neighbourhood where they were, and returning on board in a little boat, accompanied only by the duke of Buckingham (then a youth and a volunteer) and lord Blany, ſuddenly there aroſe a violent ſtorm which neither of them ſeemed to reliſh. The prince in particular began to talk of prince Maurice's being caſt away by a like ancident; upon which the duke of Buckingham, who was but a ſort of freſh-water ſailor at that time, began to reflect upon the fate of his family alſo, calling to mind that his grandfather and three of his brothers had been drowned. The lord Blany hearing all this, made them both ſmile in the very height of their danger, by ſwearing, *that tho' he liked their company very well on ſhore, he wiſhed himſelf out of it now, if it were but in an Indian Canoe, ſince he feared the damn'd fortune of their two families would ſink him.*

Having mentioned this duke of Buckingham, whoſe works in proſe and verſe have made his name famous, we ſhall juſt produce one paſſage from his life that has ſomething in it worth relating, as it not only ſhews the high notions of honour which that nobleman had entertained in his youth, but is likewiſe characteriſtic of another celebrated wit of that time, whoſe ſentiments of honour were not of the ſame caſt with his grace's: for the reader's entertainment I ſhall give the ſtory in

the

the duke's own words. 'I was inform'd, 'says he, that the earl of Rocheſter had ſaid 'ſomething of me, which, according to his 'cuſtom, was very malicious; I therefore 'ſent Colonel Aſton, a very mettled friend of 'mine to call him to account for it. He de-'nied the words, and indeed I was ſoon con-'vinced he had never ſaid them; but the 'mere report, tho' I found it to be falſe, o-'bliged me (as I then fooliſhly thought) to go 'on with the quarrel; and the next day was 'appointed for us to fight on horſeback, a 'way in England a little unuſual; but it was 'his part to chuſe. Accordingly, I and my 'ſecond lay the night before at Knightſbridge 'privately, to avoid being ſecured at Lon-'don upon any ſuſpicion; which yet we 'found ourſelves more in danger of there, 'becauſe we had all the appearance of high-'waymen that had a mind to be ſkulking in 'an odd inn for one night. But this, I ſup-'poſe, the people of that inn were uſed to, 'and ſo took no notice of us, but liked us 'the better, as we ſpent our money freely. 'In the morning we met the lord Rocheſter 'at the place appointed, who inſtead of 'James Porter, whom he aſſured Aſton he 'would make his ſecond, brought an errant 'life-guard-man, whom nobody knew. To 'this Mr Aſton took exception, as being no 'ſuitable adverſary; eſpecially conſidering 'how extremely well he was mounted, where-

'as

'as we had only a couple of pads; upon
'which, we all agreed to fight on foot. But
'as my lord Rocheſter and I (continues his
'grace) were riding into the next field in
'order to it, his lordſhip told me, that he
'had at firſt choſen to fight on horſeback,
'becauſe he was ſo weak with a certain diſ-
'temper, that he found himſelf unfit any way,
'much leſs on foot. I was extremely ſur-
'priſed, becauſe at that time no man had a
'better reputation for courage, and my anger
'againſt him being quite over, (becauſe I
'was ſatisfied he never ſpoke the words I re-
'ſented) I took the liberty of repreſenting
'what a ridiculous ſtory it would make, if
'we return'd without fighting, and therefore
'adviſed him for both our ſakes, eſpecially
'for his own, to conſider better of it, ſince I
'muſt be obliged in my own defence to lay
'the fault on him by telling the truth of the
'matter. His anſwer was, that he ſubmitted
'to it, and hoped that I would not deſire the
'advantage of having to do with any man in
'ſo weak a condition. I replied, that by
'ſuch an argument he had ſufficiently tied
'my hands, upon condition I might call our
'ſeconds to be witneſſes of the whole bu-
'ſineſs; which he conſented to, and ſo we
'parted.——When we returned to London,
'we found it full of this quarrel, upon our
'being abſent ſo long; and therefore Mr
'Aſton thought himſelf obliged to write down

'every

'every word and circumſtance of this whole 'matter, in order to ſpread every where the 'true reaſon of our returning without having 'fought; which being never in the leaſt ei-'ther contradicted or reſented by the lord 'Rocheſter, entirely ruined his reputation as 'to courage, (of which I was really ſorry to 'be the occaſion) tho' no body had ſtill a 'greater as to wit; which ſupported him 'pretty well in the world, notwithſtanding 'ſome more accidents of the ſame kind, that 'never fail to ſucceed one another when once 'people know a man's weakneſs.'

In the year 1672, monſieur de Schomberg was invited into England, to command the new-rais'd army incamp'd on Blackheath, which was under the then duke of Buckingham, George Villers, and under him only, who had a commiſſion of lieutenant-general. But he being no great ſoldier, and on ill terms with the duke of York; who influenc'd all military affairs at that time, it was thought convenient to join with him a perſon of ſuch reputation as Schomberg, and he was choſen the rather becauſe his advancement in France was owing chiefly to the duke of York, when in that ſervice.—As ſoon as he arrived, partly encouraged to it by his friends, or rather the then duke of Buckingham's enemies, he refuſed to ſerve equally with him, and ſo obtained a commiſſion to be general; upon

which (as was expected) the other quitted the ſervice immediately.—Juſt at this time the duke of Monmouth was ſetting up in France to be a ſoldier; and being ſo favour'd at Maeſtricht by the French king, as to have a ſure and eaſy attack kept back on purpoſe till his day of commanding, the credit of that action here ſufficed to give him a reputation ever after.—Our fleet was now ready to make ſail; it is thought there never was before ſeen ſo great a fleet.——The reaſon why the duke of York did not ſhine as before, was his refuſing the Teſt paſſed in parliament the winter before, on purpoſe to exclude him; ſo that as ſoon as ever his enemies had ſet the ſnare, he fell into it.—The Greyhound being the beſt of thoſe veſſels which accompanied the fleet, was choſen by monſieur de Schomberg for himſelf and the before mentioned duke, (for he ſerv'd in that expedition under him) with whom he had the good fortune to live in great familiarity and friendſhip.—There being often occaſion for their ſpeaking with other officers, who, in hazy weather eſpecially, were at a loſs ſometimes to find the Greyhound, in the midſt of ſuch a multitude of other ſhips, monſieur de Schomberg enquired one day of the duke of Buckingham, if it might not be proper to hang up ſomething for a ſignal, by which all the land-officers might know whither to repair, either to give account of their condition, or to receive

ceive his orders? He preſently anſwered, that tho' he had the command of a great ſhip the laſt ſummer, yet he was but a young ſeaman; and therefore only adviſed him to conſult with Clement, the captain of the Greyhound, who by right alſo was to be principally regarded in his own ſhip. Captain Clement was ſent for, and preſently conſented to a thing which he thought not only reaſonable but neceſſary, to prevent delays or miſtakes, which made the General, according to his accuſtomed civility, aſk the duke his conſent to hang up in the ſhrouds one of the colours of his own regiment that happened to lie then on the deck, ſaying, that he choſe ſuch a ſort of ſignal, as more proper for him to make uſe of, than any of thoſe which belong'd to the ſea; but it had not been up half an hour, when both of them ſitting together on the quarter-deck, heard a bullet whizzing over their heads, and another in the ſame manner preſently after; at which they began to think cannon-bullets that came ſo near a little worth the minding, but were extremely ſurpriſed to perceive they came from the admiral.—By this time captain Clement was alarm'd alſo, and he confirming the general's apprehenſion of prince Rupert's diſliking his ſignal, was ſent immediately to explain the occaſion of its being ſet up, and to receive the prince's orders, either in that, or any thing elſe.—But the prince in the mean time,

time, had ſent lieutenant Whitby with his poſitive orders to pull down the flag, who arriving on board the Greyhound juſt after captain Clement had been ſent away, it was thought ſo impoſſible for the prince to remain unſatisfied, after he ſhould hear Clement about it, that Whitby was deſired to return with this reſpectful anſwer, That if his Highneſs continu'd in the ſame mind, after hearing the occaſion from captain Clement, the flag ſhould be taken down immediately. But the prince ſeeing Whitby's boat come from the Greyhound, without the flag's being taken down, and captain Clement juſt arriv'd on board him, in great anger orders him to be clapp'd into the bilboes, without ſo much as hearing either him or his meſſage, and commanded his gunner to ſink the Greyhound immediately if the flag was not taken down.—In ſuch a caſe of extremity, the voluntiers on board the prince, took the liberty of interpoſing a little, and conjur'd him to have only the patience of letting ſome of them go preſently to the Greyhound, in order to prevent any miſunderſtanding; conſidering that ſome allowance might be made for a miſtake in a land-officer and a ſtranger. It was not hard for perſons of that rank (among whom was the earl of Carliſle, a privy-counſellor, and what was more a great friend of the prince) to be conniv'd at in going immediately on board the Greyhound, and it was

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eaſy for them all immediately to pull down the flag rather than be ſunk; but neither they, nor the duke of Buckingham, who was a little concern'd with him in the ill uſage, were able to pacify the general, who interpreted all this harſh way of proceeding, as coming from an old pique in prince Rupert. —The court was inclin'd before not to be over partial to prince Rupert, who ſeem'd as jealous as any body of its growing arbitrary, by any great ſucceſs over Holland, tho' himſelf was generaliſſimo againſt it.—Now the duke of Buckingham wrote an account of this buſineſs to the king, ſo plainly and impartially, that all the prince's complaints, on his ſide, were inſignificant; which added to his jealouſy of the court, incited him to command away all the land forces to Yarmouth, where they lay incamp'd all ſummer by the ſea-ſide, without being ever re-imbark'd, or able to do the leaſt ſervice. Monſieur de Schomberg obey'd, but took no leave of the prince, and engaged the duke of Buckingham to carry him a challenge after the expedition was over, which the king prevented, tho' not out of kindneſs to either of them; for as he was unſatisfied with the prince's conduct, ſo monſieur de Schomberg's popularity among the diſaffectad gentry in the country, was unjuſtly repreſented to his prejudice, and his affable kind of behaviour, (which he thought neceſſary in a ſtranger intending to ſettle here,)

here,) taken for a factious deſign of complying with the country party.—This was the cauſe of the duke of Monmouth's advancement, for the duke of York eſteeming his forwardneſs and inclination to the war, thought him the fitteſt perſon to be ſet up againſt Schomberg, from whom he was now perfectly alienated, and ſo made his court to the king at the ſame time by recommending his beloved ſon to be at the head of the military affairs, which himſelf hoped ſtill to influence by that means; yet Schomberg's ſtaying here had been an invincible obſtacle to their deſigns, if the diſguſt he took at being refus'd the garter, had not ſoon contributed to his leaving the nation; which favour it ſeems he long deſired, tho' ſo privately, that the duke of Buckingham received the promiſe of that honour in the camp at Yarmouth, without having the leaſt imagination that his general had been his rival, who reſented it a little more, becauſe it was beſtowed on the duke who was but a colonel under him.—Thus all things concurr'd with the duke of Monmouth's ambition, as ſoon as prince Rupert was out of favour, and the duke of York out of capacity, by reaſon of the late Teſt for papiſts.—The firſt ſtep of the duke of Monmouth's riſing to authority in the army, was his being entruſted with the care, tho' not the command of it, which the lord Arlington conſented to, both in friendſhip to him, and for his own

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eaſe, but orders paſſed thro' the duke's hands. —The ſecond advance he made was the king's ſending his commands to every colonel that they ſhould obey all directions that came from the duke of Monmouth. This wanted but the formality of a commiſſion to make him an abſolute general.——But now an accident fell out, for notwithſtanding the very great intimacy between the duke of York and his nephew, ſuch a firm one, that even a direct contrary intereſt was unable to weaken; yet a little inconſtancy in one of their miſtreſſes, tho' in favour of a third perſon, was the accidental cauſe of ſuch a diviſion between them as never ceaſed till it coſt one of them the hazard of his crown, and the other his life on a ſcaffold —At the return of the army from Yarmouth, the Holland regiment was given to the duke of Buckingham, and was join'd to another he had rais'd, by which he remain'd in command after the peace, when all the new colonels were diſbanded. This made thoſe two dukes think of him ſoon after for commanding the firſt regiment of footguards, and deſign'd the king ſhould buy colonel Ruſſel out of it for that purpoſe, having before prevail'd with the lord Craven to let him come over his head, who commanded the ſecond regiment, but juſt while this was ſettling, the duke of Monmouth, who was ever engaged in ſome amour, fell into great anger with the duke of Buckingham, for an unlucky

unlucky diſcovery that made a great noiſe in the court at that time.—He had always great temper, and therefore offered no affront on the ſpot, but wanted not the cunning to revenge himſelf a better way, by privately obtaining a promiſe of the king to let him have that command which was deſigned for the duke of Buckingham, and foreſeeing that then his own would become void, and perhaps be given to the duke, he propoſed the earl of Oſſory for that, againſt whom there could be no objection; ſo ſtopping up his way in both places.—The duke of York, having openly made them friends, ſuſpected no ſuch artifice, as he found him but too capable of afterwards in a much greater matter: Accordingly, he thought it time to move the king about that alteration in the guards, not in the leaſt apprehending a repulſe, (for the king, tho' of more wit than thoſe that influenced him, had that foible of his family, to be eaſily impos'd on,) but the king aſſured his brother, that never dreaming of this his propoſal he was engaged already; that it was to another of his very great friends; and then naming him, wondered at his being no ſooner acquainted with it.—The duke of York, with great reſentment, preſently told this to the duke of Buckingham, wondering that an alteration ſhould be reſolv'd on in two of the beſt commands in the army, without his being firſt acquainted with it. It was natural

tural for a man who had loſt his pretenſions, not to leſſen his concern in the duke of York; and therefore Buckingham, who during the duke of Monmouth's quarrel to him had often try'd in vain to ſhake his intereſt with the prince, was reſolved not to loſe ſo fair an opportunity to part them for ever.—He therefore told him of how little importance his own ſhare in that buſineſs was, and that he found himſelf amply recompenced by his being ſo much concerned about it; but he expreſſed himſelf extremely troubled at another part of this affair, which he ſaid gave him a ſtrange ſort of ſuſpicion. The duke could not fail to inquire what it was, and with a ſeeming reluctance the duke of Buckingham explained it.—That the duke of Monmouth's own command of the horſe life-guard, was better than colonel Ruſſel's regiment of foot, both for honour and profit; and therefore he would hardly change it thus without ſome ill deſign, to which twenty-four companies of foot might be more of uſe than a ſingle troop of horſe.—That the diſappointing him could not be his only aim, ſince he might have had that ſatisfaction, as well by getting the earl of Offory into that regiment, without taking it himſelf, by leaving a better poſt for it.—As the duke of York grew warm at this, he engaged him more, by freely quitting his own pretenſions, if his highneſs could find a truſty man for it, whom the duke of Mon-

mouth could have no pretence to oppoſe, as he did him on account of their quarrel; repreſenting it to be a poſt of ſuch conſequence, that one day, perhaps, no leſs a thing than the crown of England might depend on it.—The duke of York accepted kindly the laying down his pretenſions, and propoſed ſome others for that command, but to no purpoſe, for the king reproach'd him with oppoſing a thing ſettled between himſelf and his ſon; upon which thoroughly chafed, he tried a little with the lord Arlington, the duke of Monmouth's great adviſer, and gave him to underſtand, that if the duke of Monmouth would not deſiſt from preſſing it any farther, he muſt loſe his friendſhip, which had been ſo uſeful to him, and conſequently pay too dear a price for what was a trifle in compariſon with it: To which that dextrous miniſter replied ſomething haughtily, *That the duke of Monmouth could not need the favour of his highneſs, more than his highneſs needed the king's, which he might hazard to leſſen by thus croſſing his inclination for ſo beloved a ſon.*—With this ſurpriſing anſwer from a ſecretary of ſtate, the duke grew more concerned than ever, and at laſt was driven on the only expedient now left, to ſecure that employment in ſafe hands, which ſerv'd in the next place to ſatisfy the revenge of the duke of Buckingham in keeping the duke of Monmouth out of it, to that end the duke of Buckingham adviſ'd him to

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ſend immediately for colonel Ruſſel who was very covetous, and by any means whatſoever, that is, any money, to charm him out of his reſolution to ſell his command, which the king was ſo far from impoſing on any ancient officer of ſuch merit and quality, that he kindly aſſured him that no ſuch change had ever been thought of if Mr Ruſſel himſelf had not aſk'd the favour of ſelling his command for the good of his heir. What paſſed between the duke of York and colonel Ruſſel is not hard to gueſs, for the latter kept his command. by pretending to the king that when it came to the point, he could not find in his heart to quit the ſervice, and deſired to die in it. But upon all this matter follow'd ſuch an animoſity between thoſe two princes the dukes of York and Monmouth, as will ſerve to fill our annals with the fatal effects of it, while this firſt occaſion of their breach is not ſo much as mentioned.—The turns at court are ſuch, that, after all this buſtle and competition between them about this regiment of guards, a third perſon not then thought of for ſuch a command, nor ſo much as in the army, luckily got it from them both, by the duke of York's being abſent in Scotland, and Ruſſel's quitting his intereſt on account of the popiſh plot, and ſo renewing his deſire to ſell. —The duke of Monmouth was at that time in ſuch disfavour, as to have his government of Hull and lord-lieutenancy of Yorkſhire

given to the duke of Buckingham, which with the old regiment he had before was already more than, being ſo young, he could reaſonably pretend to. The king therefore, at laſt, bought that command of colonel Ruſſel, for his other ſon the duke of Grafton.

Moliere, the great Comic-poet of France, was eſteem'd an excellent actor. He died in performing the part of the *Hypochondriac* in a comedy of his own writing, called *Le Malade Imaginaire*, (which is part of a comedy in Engliſh called the *Mother-in-law*,) on the 17th of February, 1679, in his grand Climacteric. The archbiſhop of Paris would not allow his body to be inhum'd in conſecrated ground, which the king being inform'd of, ſent for the archbiſhop, and expoſtulated with him; but he was an obſtinate churchman, and would not willingly condeſcend to his majeſty's perſuaſions. The king, finding him unwilling to comply, deſired to know how many feet deep the Holy Ground reach'd? The biſhop reply'd, *About eight. Well*, reply'd the king, *I find there is no getting the better of your ſcruples; therefore let his grave be dug twelve feet, that's four below your conſecrated ground, and let them bury him there.* The archbiſhop was obliged to comply; for Lewis the XIVth would be obey'd.

Mr

Mr Figg the prize-fighter, us'd to ſay, he had not bought a ſhirt for more than twenty years, but had ſold ſome dozens. It was his method, when he fought in his amphitheatre (his ſtage bearing that ſuperb title;) to ſend round to a ſelect number of his ſcholars to borrow a ſhirt for the enſuing combat, and ſeldom failed of half a dozen of ſuperfine Holland from his prime pupils, (moſt of the young nobility and gentry making it part of their education to march under his warlike banner.) This champion was generally conqueror, tho' his ſhirt ſeldom failed of gaining a cut from his enemy, and ſometimes his fleſh, tho' I think he never received any dangerous wound. Moſt of his ſcholars were at every battle, and were ſure to exult at their great maſter's victories, every perſon ſuppoſing he ſaw the wounds his ſhirt received. Mr Figg took his opportunity to inform his lenders of linen, of the chaſms their ſhirts received, with a promiſe to ſend them home. *But*, ſaid the ingenious, couragious Figg, *I ſeldom received any other anſwer, than, Damn you, keep it.*

Mr Joſeph Trefuſis, who was the original *Trapland* in Love for Love, and a well-eſteemed low comedian (a theatrical term to diſtinguiſh that branch from the genteel;) was famous alſo for dancing an aukward country clown. He was an experienc'd angler: and

as he was fiſhing by the Liffy ſide, ſome friends of his were going in a boat in order to embark for England. Joe ſeeing them, called to them to take him in, that he might ſee them ſafe on board. He gave his fiſhing-rod to a friend on ſhore, to take care of it till his return; but Joe, it ſeems, was prevailed on by his companions to make the journey to London with them, with his fiſhing-cloaths upon his back, not a ſecond ſhirt, and but ſeven ſhillings in his pocket. His companions left him at London, and Mr Wilks found him gazing at the dial in the ſquare of Covent-Garden. He hardly knew him at firſt (as Mr Wilks ſaid) but by his particular gait, which was beyond imitation. When he aſked him how he came there, and in that pickle; *Hum! ha! why faith, Bobby*, reply'd Joe, *I only came from Dub'in to ſee what it was o'clock at Covent-Garden.*

Having mentioned Joe Trefuſis, we ſhall add a few particulars concerning that merry player, collected chiefly from his acquaintance Joe was reputed the natural ſon of Oliver Cromwell; but did not ſeem to have any reſemblance of features with his father, if we may judge by the pictures and gravings of the protector: Joe had a long chin, and naturally a moſt conſummate fooliſh face, by nature formed for ſuitable characters; yet a perſon of infinite humour, and ſhrewd conceits; with a particular

lar tone of voice and manner, that gave a double ſatisfaction to what he ſaid. Adhering ſtrictly to honeſty, without guile or falſhood; which, we ſuppoſe, he inherited from his mother, he acquired the appellative, from all that knew him, of *Honeſt Joe!* a character he bore with juſtice. Joe, by the following account of himſelf, muſt have been very young on the ſtage. He entered a voluntier on board the ſhip where the duke of York commanded in the channel, in that memorable ſea-engagement with the Dutch fleet, commanded (he us'd to ſay) by Van Tromp, in the year 1673. When the preparations were making for the battle, Joe, tho' a volunteer, confeſs'd, fear began to invade him; but, when the man at the topmaſt-head cry'd, a Sail! then, Two Sail! and after, *Zounds, a whole Wood!* Joe's terrors augmented: but his fears came to the full height, when a ſailor aſk'd him, *If he had not perform'd on the ſtage?* Joe reply'd in the affirmative. *Why, then,* reply'd the blunt tar, *to-morrow, if you are not kill'd the firſt broadſide, by G—d you will ſee the deepeſt and bloodieſt tragedy you ever ſaw in your life.* —— Joe was ſo inimitable in dancing the clown, that General Ingoldſby on ſeeing him perform one evening ſent him five guineas from the box where he ſat. Joe dreſs'd himſelf next day, and went to the caſtle to return thanks. The General was hard to be perſuaded it was the ſame perſon; but Joe

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ſoon convinc'd him, by ſaying, *Iſe the very mon, an't pleaſe your Ex-cell-en-cy*; and, at the ſame time, twirling his hat, as he did in the dance, with his conſummate fooliſh face and ſcrape, *Now, now I am convinc'd*, reply'd the General, laughing, *and thou ſhalt not ſhow ſuch a face for nothing here*——So gave Joe five guineas more; which ſo well pleaſed him, that he paid his compliments in his aukward, clowniſh manner, and, as Shakeſpear ſays, *Set the table on a roar.*

Charles Hulet the Player, about the year 1710, was put prentice to a bookſeller. By reading of plays in his maſter's ſhop, he us'd to repeat ſpeeches in the kitchen, in the evening; to the deſtruction of many a chair, which he ſubſtituted in the room of real perſons in the drama. One night, as he was repeating the part of Alexander, with his wooden repreſentative of Clytus, (an elbow-chair) and coming to the ſpeech where the old general is to be kill'd, this young mock Alexander ſnatch'd a poker inſtead of a javelin, and threw it with ſuch ſtrength againſt poor Clytus, that the chair was kill'd upon the ſpot, and lay mangled on the floor. The death of Clytus made a monſtrous noiſe, which diſturbed the maſter in the parlour, who called out to know the reaſon; and was anſwered by the cook below, *Nothing, Sir, but that Alexander has kill'd Clytus.*

Mr

Mr Curll was a perſon of extraordinary talents, very pleaſing in converſation, and could extract gold from dirt. He had the art of forming a Title to a book beyond the reſt of the craft, or even the authors themſelves. We have forgot how he came to ſtumble over Mr Pope; for Mr Curll was a little purblind, and loſt his ſight ſome years before his death. But Mr Pope, in revenge, invited him to a tavern, under the colour of friendſhip: Sack being a favourite liquor with Mr Curll, this great poet had a draught prepared in an antimonial cup, which the unſuſpecting bookſeller chearfully drank off to the health of his good friend Mr Pope. But the operation began to work before he could reach his own houſe, with ſuch violent motions, that the intended Farce was near ending in the Tragedy of Mr Edmund Curll's death. The next day, to complete his revenge, Mr Pope publiſhed a humourous account of the murder of Mr Curll by poiſon. But this poet and bookſeller, to their deaths, declared fell war againſt each other; and tho' the latter might be put to his ſhifts ſometimes, yet he often found means to *gall his kibe*. Pope, in his *Dunciad*, has made Curll a demi-hero, and has filthily bedaub'd him with honours.

In the laſt year of the reign of queen Anne, the company of players at Dublin went down in the ſummer ſeaſon to play at Corke One evening

ing Mr Evans, the maſter, was invited by ſome officers of a regiment then on duty in that city, to a tavern; many healths were propos'd, and went round without reluctance; when it came to Mr Evans's turn, he propoſed the health of her majeſty queen Anne, which ſo much diſguſted one of the company (tho' cloath'd in the livery of his royal miſtreſs,) that he ran down ſtairs, and ſent up a drawer to whiſper Mr Evans; who immediately put on his ſword, and went after him, without taking the leaſt notice to the company. He found his antagoniſt in a room in the paſſage of the tavern, with the door half open, who courageouſly made a thruſt at Mr Evans, which he put by with his left hand; at this, Mr Evans drew, thruſt the door wide open, enter'd, and ſoon drove his oppoſer out to the paſſage, where he diſarm'd the doughty hero, before the company above ſtairs knew any thing of the matter. The reſt of the military gentlemen expreſſed an abhorrence of the treatment Mr Evans received, and, ſeemingly reconciled them on the ſpot; but, notwithſtanding, when the company returned to Dublin, the perſon who ſent the challenge up ſtairs at Corke, being then returned alſo, told his own ſtory in ſuch a manner, that ſeveral warm gentlemen of the army were made to believe, that Mr Evans had affronted the whole military body; and when the poor ſuppoſed culprit came to his buſineſs of the theatre,

atre, their clamour, in the audience, was so great, that the house was dismiss'd, and no play to be acted till Mr Evans had asked public pardon upon the stage. His high spirit was, with great difficulty, brought to submit; but at last he consented. The Play was, *The Rival Queens, or, the Death of Alexander the Great*; the part of Alexander to be acted by the Delinquent. He came to ask pardon before the curtain; when he address'd the audience, one Smart, from the Pit, cried out, *Kneel, you rascal!* Evans, then collected in himself, replied, in the same tone of voice, *No, you rascal, I'll kneel to none but God and my Queen!* A dangerous paroxism, at such a crisis. However, as there were many worthy gentlemen of the army who knew the whole affair, the new rais'd clamour ceas'd, and the Play went through without any molestation.

Mr Betterton, the Tragedian, almost every body has heard of; but there is one circumstance of his life, and that a very material one, which is but little known. This gentleman's character in private life was extremely fair, and his company very agreeable; he had abundance of friends at all ends of the town, but more especially in the city. Amongst these there was one ———, a merchant of great reputation, and of considerable fortune, who not only honoured him with his

his favour and protection, but entered with him alſo into the ſtricteſt intimacy and friendſhip. This gentleman, in the year 1692, was concerned in an adventure to the Eaſt-Indies, upon the footing then allowed by the company's charter. The veſſels ſo employed were ſtiled Interlopers. The proſpect of ſucceſs was great, the gain unuſually high; and this induced Mr Betterton, to whom his friend offered any ſhare in this buſineſs that he pleaſed, to think of ſo large a ſum as 8000l. but it was not for himſelf, for he had no ſuch ſum in his power; and whoever conſiders the ſituation of the ſtage at that time will need no other argument to convince him of it; yet he had another friend whom he was willing to oblige, which was the famous Dr Radcliffe; ſo, Mr Betterton advanced ſomewhat more than 2000l. which was his All, and the Doctor made it up 8000l. The veſſel ſailed to the Eaſt-Indies, and made as proſperous a voyage as thoſe who were concerned in her could wiſh; and the war with France being then very warm, the captain very prudently came home north about, and arrived ſafely in Ireland; but whether obliged by the orders of his owners, or elated by his ſucceſs hitherto; ſo it was, that in his paſſage from Ireland he was taken by the French. His cargo was worth upwards of 120,000l. which ruined Mr Betterton, and broke the fortune and heart of his friend in the

the city. As for Dr Radcliffe, he expreſſed a great concern for Mr Betterton, and none at all for himſelf. *It is,* ſaid the Doctor wittily, *only trotting up ſome hundred pair of ſtairs more, and things will be with me as they were.* The gentleman in the city left behind him an only daughter, whom Mr Betterton took home, educated with all the care, and treated with all the tenderneſs of a parent, till ſhe thought fit to marry herſelf to Mr Bowman the Player, who is but lately dead. Mr Betterton never wholly recovered this ſtroke of ill-fortune, tho' in his decline of life he was enabled to retire from the ſtage by the annual bounty of the town, who in gratitude for fifty years ſervice for their entertainment made him up a good 500l. a year at his benefit. He reſided chiefly at Reading in his latter years, where he was honoured and reſpected like the prince he had ſo often and ſo juſtly perſonated.

Mr Wycherly, the celebrated comick Poet, had many extravagant humours, as well as many extraordinary flights of wit and fancy; among the former was his reſolution never to marry till his life was diſpaired of, which he uſed to tell in the gayety of converſation to all his acquaintance. Accordingly, a few days before his death he underwent the ceremony, and joined together thoſe two ſacraments, as Pope expreſſes it, which wiſe men ſay ſhould

be the laſt we receive. The old man then lay down ſatisfy'd in his conſcience of having, by this one act, paid his juſt debts, obliged a woman who (he was told) had merit, and ſhewn an heroic reſentment of the ill uſage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with this lady diſcharged thoſe debts, a jointure of 400l. a year made her a recompence; and the nephew that had uſed him ſo ill he left to comfort himſelf, as well as he could, with the miſerable remains of a mortgaged eſtate. The evening before he died, he called his young wife to the bedſide, and earneſtly intreated her not to deny him one requeſt, the laſt he ſhould make. Upon her aſſurances of conſenting to it, he told her, *My dear, it is only this; that you will never marry an old man again.*—Such a ſtroke as this from a dying man, verifies the juſtice of Mr Pope's obſervation, that ſickneſs, which often deſtroys both wit and wiſdom, yet ſeldom has the power to remove that talent which the world calls Humour.

Mr Pope, when moſt of his intimate friends were abſent from Town, took that opportunity to ſpend a few weeks at Oxford, where meeting with Dr Clark, there grew immediately between them a deſire of each others company. Dr Clark was a great ſcholar, a man of great penetration, much ſpeculation, a philoſopher, and a lover of free debate and enquiry,

enquiry, having a propenſity to argument, and never declining, in an amicable, cool manner, to enter into controverſy; he therefore propos'd to himſelf vaſt pleaſure in diſcourſing with Mr Pope concerning the proofs of his religion, and why he aſſented to the unreaſonable injunctions and traditions of the Romiſh church, in oppoſition to the ſcriptures, to his own intereſt, and the more valuable deciſion of reaſon; but in this Dr Clark was altogether miſtaken, for once when he hinted, tho' but at a diſtance, his having ſuch a deſire, Mr Pope underſtood it and ſaid, *my reverend friend, Dr Clark, it is but a little while I can enjoy your improving company, here in Oxford, which we will not ſo miſpend, as it would be doing, ſhould we let it paſs in talking of divinity, neither would there be time for either of us half to explain ourſelves, and at laſt you would be Proteſtant Clark, and I Papiſt Pope.*

Every body is deſirous of knowing the little private circumſtances that commonly give a beginning to great and public works; this obſervation I am perſuaded, will hold good in the literary world, as well as in the political; and therefore the motives that produced the *War of the Dunces*, as it was at firſt called, cannot fail of giving pleaſure in the recital. When Dr Swift and Mr Pope thought proper, for reaſons ſpecified in the preface to

their Miſcellanies, to publiſh ſuch little pieces of theirs as had caſually got abroad, there was added to them the Treatiſe of the *Bathos, or the Art of ſinking in Poetry*. It happened that in one chapter of this piece, the ſeveral ſpecies of bad poets were ranged into claſſes, to which were prefix'd almoſt all the letters of the alphabet (the greateſt part of them at random) but ſuch was the number of poets eminent in that art, that ſome one or other took every letter to himſelf: all fell into ſo violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common news-papers (in moſt of which they had ſome property, as being hired writers) were filled with the moſt abuſive falſhoods and ſcurrilities they could poſſibly deviſe. A liberty no way to be wondered at in thoſe people, and in thoſe papers, that, for many years during the uncontroulable liberty of the preſs, had aſperſed almoſt all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own perſons and names being utterly ſecret and obſcure. This gave Mr Pope the thought, that he had now an opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light theſe common enemies of mankind; ſince to invalidate this univerſal ſlander, it ſufficed to ſhew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifeſting the dullneſs of thoſe who had only malice to recommend them, either the bookſellers would not find their account

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in employing them, or the men themſelves when diſcovered, want courage to proceed in ſo unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad, and he thought it an happineſs, that by the late flood of ſlander on himſelf, he had acquired ſuch a peculiar right over their names as was neceſſary to this deſign. On the 12th of March 1729, at St James's, that poem was preſented to the king and queen (who had before been pleaſed to read it) by the right honourable Sir Robert Walpole: and ſome days after the whole impreſſion was taken and diſperſed by ſeveral noblemen and perſons of the firſt diſtinction. It is certainly a true obſervation, that no people are ſo impatient of cenſure as thoſe who are the greateſt ſlanderers; which was wonderfully exemplified on this occaſion. On the day the book was firſt vended, a crowd of authors beſieged the ſhop; entreaties, advices, threats of law, and battery, nay cries of treaſon were all employed to hinder the coming out of the Dunciad: on the other ſide, the bookſellers and hawkers made as great efforts to procure it. What could a few poor authors do againſt ſo great a majority as the public? there was no ſtopping a torrent with a finger, ſo out it came. Many ludicrous circumſtances attended it; the Dunces (for by this name they were called) held weekly clubs to conſult of hoſtilities againſt the author; one wrote in a letter to a great mi-

niſter, that Mr Pope was the greateſt enemy the government had; and another brought his image in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which ſad ſort of ſatisfactions the gentlemen were a little comforted. Some falſe editions of the book having an owl in their frontiſpiece; the true one, to diſtinguiſh it, fixed in its ſtead an aſs laden with authors. Then another ſurreptitious one being printed with the ſame aſs, the new edition in octavo returned for diſtinction to the owl again. Hence aroſe a great conteſt of bookſellers againſt bookſellers, and advertiſements againſt advertiſements; for ſome recommending the edition of the Owl, and others the edition of the Aſs; by which names they came to be diſtinguiſhed, to the great honour alſo of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

Mr Jervas was a famous painter, and known to Sir Godfrey Kneller, tho' not much applauded by him, as it is the common failing of mankind, not willingly to allow much of that excellence to another, which we could wiſh the world to believe was wholly center'd in ourſelves. Whoever obſerves, however, any of the Portraits painted by Mr Jervas, will ſee a certain expreſſion, with a livelineſs in the caſt of the face or countenance, that convinces in a manner, without ſeeing the originals, that they are reſemblances of real life; not the meer picture of the painter's hand,

hand, but of the idea the object fixed upon his mind. He once drew the picture of a lady of quality, who returned it upon his hands, as not thinking it so handsome as she herself was; and he painted another portait of her, with which she was exceedingly pleased, for it was indeed very beautiful; Mr Jervas confess'd, that except the colour of the hair, and a few touches to reflect some resemblance, he had taken it from one of his own pictures of the dutchess of Bridgewater, one of the duke of Marlborough's daughters, and esteemed at that time a finish'd beauty. A little while after, the first mentioned lady dying, her husband being desirous of having a true likeness of her, purchased that first painted by Mr Jervas, and gave him ten guineas more than the countess was to have given for it in her life-time.

When the *Essay on Man* was first published, it came out in Parts, and without a name. A little after the appearance of the first, Mr Morris, who has attempted some things in the poetical way, particularly a piece for music, which was performed in private before some of the royal family, accidentally paid a visit to Mr Pope, who after the first civilities were over, enquired of him, what news there was in the learned world; and what new pieces were brought to light? Morris reply'd,

ply'd, that there was little or nothing; or at leaſt little or nothing worth notice: that there was indeed a *thing* come out called *an Eſſay on Man*, the firſt Epiſtle, threatening more, for he had read it, and it was a moſt abominable piece of ſtuff, ſhocking poetry, unſufferable philoſophy, no coherence, no connection at all. *If I had thought*, continued he, *that you had not ſeen it, I would have brought it with me.* Upon this, Mr Pope very frankly told him, that *he had ſeen it before it went to preſs, for it was his own writing, a work of years, and the poetry ſuch as he thought proper for the expreſſion of the ſubject; on which ſide, he did not imagine it would ever have been attack'd, eſpecially by any pretending to knowledge in the harmony of numbers.* This was like a clap of thunder to the miſtaken bard: he reach'd his hat, and with a bluſh and a bow, took his leave of Mr Pope, and never more ventured to ſhew his unlucky face there again.

Dr White Kennet, afterwards biſhop of Peterborough, whoſe character is well known, had one indignity ſhewn him that could ſcarce be born by any man, without ſome kind of emotion and concern, namely, the *Altar-piece* at *White-chapel*, contriv'd by Dr Welton (afterwards a profeſs'd non-juror, if not ſomething worſe) to expoſe the then dean of Peterborough. In this altar-piece, or painting, which

which was intended for a repreſentation of Chriſt and his twelve apoſtles, eating the Paſſover and the laſt ſupper, Judas, the traitor, was drawn ſitting in an elbow-chair, dreſs'd in a black garment, between a gown and a cloak, with a black ſcarf and a white band, and a ſhort wig, and a mark in his forehead between a lock and a patch, and with ſo much of the countenance of Dr Kennet, that under it, in effect, was written, *The Dean the Traitor*. It was generally ſaid, that the original ſketch was for a biſhop under Welton's diſpleaſure; which occaſioned the elbow-chair. But the fears of a *Scandalum magnatum* riſing before the painter's eyes, leave was given to drop the biſhop, and make the dean; which he did as well as he could. Multitudes of people came daily to the church, to admire the meaning of the ſight. And, under our unhappy diviſions, it might have been expected, that one ſide, at leaſt, would have been pleas'd with the wittineſs of this fancy. But it was generally abhorr'd and deteſted by every body; as being not only rude and indecent, but conſidering the place and perſons, even as atheiſtical and diabolical. And indeed, what could be more ſhocking and ſurpriſing, than to ſee a fooliſh, and really a blaſphemous picture ſet up in the preſence of God, and in the face of the congregation, to repreſent a neighbour, a brother, a fellow-preſbyter of the church of England,

land, as a traitor to their common Saviour? What monſtrous impiety for one clergyman to libel another juſt over the altar, or table of the Lord, whereon that very man was to conſecrate a bleſſing, and to adminiſter the communion of it, in peace and charity? In that, it was eſteem'd ſo inſolent a contempt of all that was ſacred, ſuch an abomination to every one of conſcience or common ſenſe, that upon the complaint of others (for the dean himſelf never ſaw it, or ſeem'd to regard it) the biſhop of London oblig'd thoſe that ſet it up, to take it down, and remove ſo great a ſcandal from the church of God.

Dr Adamſon, afterwards archbiſhop of St Andrews in Scotland, was one of thoſe clergymen, who when unprovided for, are continually railing againſt church-dignities, pluralities, and ſo forth: he is ſaid to have been a baker's ſon at Perth, and to have aſſiſted at the firſt general aſſembly of the kirk of Scotland, in 1660. After this, having deſerted his miniſtry, he went over to France to ſtudy the laws; but upon his return, he betook himſelf again to his firſt profeſſion, and being baulk'd of the archbiſhoprick of St Andrews, in the month of February 1572, he preach'd at the old cathedral there, and in his ſermon told the people that there were *three ſorts of Biſhops*; *my Lord Biſhop*; *my Lord's Biſhop*; and *the Lord's Biſhop*. *My Lord Biſhop*, was in

in the time of popery. *My Lord's Biſhop*, is now, when my lord getteth the Fat of the benefice, and the biſhop ſueth for a portion out of the benefice to make my lord's right ſure; and, the *Lord's Biſhop*, is the true miniſter of the goſpel, of whom ye aw ken there's ſcarce ane to be foond throughout the whole laund.

Mr Addiſon is ſo conſiderable a name in the learned world, that every thing relating to his riſe in the ſtate, where he likewiſe made a very important figure, muſt give pleaſure to the Reader. Before the year 1704, his merit had no opportunity of being particularly diſtinguiſh'd; but in that year, the lord-treaſurer Godolphin happened to complain to the lord Hallifax, that the duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim had not been celebrated in verſe in the manner it deſerved; intimating that he would take it kindly, if his lordſhip who was the known patron of the poets, would name a gentleman capable of writing upon ſo elevated a ſubject. Lord Hallifax replied with ſome quickneſs, that he was well acquainted with ſuch a perſon, but that he would not name him; adding, *that he had long ſeen with indignation, men of no merit maintained in pomp and luxury, at the expence of the public, while perſons of modeſty, with great abilities, languiſh'd in obſcurity.* The treaſurer ſaid very cooly, that he was

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ſorry his lordſhip had occaſion to make ſuch an obſervation, and that for the future he would take care to render it leſs juſt than it might be at preſent; but that, in the mean time, he would pawn his honour, whoever his lordſhip ſhould name, might venture upon this Theme without danger of loſing his time. Lord Hallifax thereupon named Mr Addiſon, but inſiſted that the treaſurer himſelf ſhould ſend to him, which he promiſed. Accordingly, he prevailed upon Mr Boyle, (afterwards lord Carlton) then chancellor of the exchequer, to go in his name to Mr Addiſon, and communicate to him the buſineſs, which he did in ſo obliging a manner, that he readily enter'd upon the taſk. The lord-treaſurer Godolphin ſaw the poem before it was finiſh'd, when the author had written no farther than the famous Simile of the Angel, and was ſo well pleas'd with it, that he immediately made him a commiſſioner of appeals, and ever after continued his friend. This poem, entitled the *Campaign*, was afterwards publiſhed, and received with loud and general applauſe, and was indeed ſo excellent, that it muſt continue to be admired as long as the victory is remember'd.

Mr Denzil Hollis, (afterwards lord Hollis) had been one of the commiſſioners imploy'd by the parliament in the treaty at Uxbridge; where he had carried a private correſpondence with

with the king; this could not be kept ſo ſecret, but that it got vent, and ſome of the parliament had notice of it. Mr Hollis being afterwards attacked in parliament by a contrary party, there wanted nothing perfectly to ruin him, but a witneſs to give credit to ſuch an accuſation againſt him. Sir Ant. Aſhley Cooper they thought fit for their purpoſe; they doubted not but he knew enough of it, and they made ſure that he would not fail to embrace ſuch a fair and unſought-for opportunity of ruining Mr Hollis, who had been long his enemy upon a family quarrel, which he had carried ſo far, as, by his power in the Houſe, to hinder him from ſitting in the parliament though entitled to it by a fair election. Upon this preſumption he was ſummoned to the Houſe, and being called in, was there aſked, whether when he was at Oxford, he knew not, or had not heard ſomething concerning Mr Hollis's ſecret tranſaction with the king at the treaty of Uxbridge. To this queſtion he told them he could anſwer nothing at all; for tho' poſſibly what he had to ſay would be to the clearing of Mr Hollis, yet he could not allow himſelf to ſay any thing in the caſe, ſince whatever anſwer he made, it would be a confeſſion that if he had known any thing to the diſadvantage of Mr Hollis, he would have taken that diſhonourable way of doing him a prejudice, and wreak his revenge on

a man that was his enemy. Thoſe who had brought him there preſſed him mightily to declare, but in vain, tho' threats were added of ſending him to the Tower. He perſiſting obſtinately ſilent, was bid to withdraw, and thoſe who had depended upon his diſcovery being diſappointed, and conſequently very much diſpleas'd, mov'd warmly for his commitment; of which he, waiting in the lobby, having notice, unmov'd expected his doom, tho' ſeveral of his friends coming out were earneſt with him to ſatisfy the Houſe, but he kept firm to his reſolution, and found friends enough among the great men of the party that oppos'd Mr Hollis to bring him off; who very much applauded the generoſity of his carriage, and ſhew'd that action ſo much to deſerve the commendation, rather than the cenſure of that aſſembly, that the angry men were aſham'd to inſiſt farther on it, and ſo dropt the debate.—Some days after, Mr Hollis came to his lodging, and having in terms of great acknowledgment and eſteem expreſs'd his thanks for his late behaviour in the Houſe with reſpect to him; he reply'd *that he pretended not thereby to merit any thing of him, or to lay an obligation on him; that what he had done was not out of any conſideration of him, but what was due to himſelf, and what he ſhould equally have done, had any other man been concern'd in it, and therefore he was perfectly as much at liberty as before to lie*

with

with him as he pleaſed. But with all this he was not ſo ignorant of Mr Hollis's worth, nor knew ſo little how to put a juſt value on his friendſhip, as not to receive it as a very great and ſenſible favour, if he thought him a perſon worthy on whom to beſtow it. Mr Hollis not leſs taken with his diſcourſe than what had occaſioned it, gave him freſh and repeated aſſurances of his ſincere and hearty friendſhip, which were received with ſuitable expreſſions. And thus an old quarrel between two men of high ſpirits and great eſtates, neighbours in the ſame county, ended in a ſound and firm friendſhip, which laſted as long as they liv'd.

Thomas lord Cromwell was the ſon of a blackſmith at Putney, and was a ſoldier under the duke of Bourbon at the ſacking of Rome in the year 1527. While he was abroad in a military character, in a very low ſtation, he fell ſick, and was unable to follow the army; he was obſerved one day by an Italian merchant to walk very penſive, and had all the appearance of penury and wretchedneſs. The merchant enquired of him the place of his birth, and fortune, and upon converſing with Cromwell, was ſo well pleaſed with the account he gave of himſelf, that he ſupplied him with money and credit to carry him to England. Cromwell afterwards made the moſt rapid progreſs in ſtate-

preferments ever known. Honours were multiplied thick upon him, and he came to have the diſpenſing of his ſovereign's bounty. It happened, that this Italian merchant's circumſtances decayed, and he came to England to ſollicit the payment of ſome debts due to him by his correſpondents; who finding him neceſſitous, were diſpoſed to put him off, and to take the advantage of his want, to avoid payment. This not a little embarraſſed the foreigner, who was now in a ſituation forlorn enough. As providence would have it, lord Cromwell, then earl of Eſſex, riding to court, ſaw this merchant walking with a dejected countenance, which put him in mind of his former ſituation. He immediately ordered one of his attendants to deſire the merchant to come to his houſe. His lordſhip aſked the merchant whether he knew him? He anſwered, No. Cromwell then related the circumſtance of the merchant's relieving a certain Engliſhman; and aſked if he remembered it? The merchant anſwered, that he had always made it his buſineſs to do good, but did not remember that circumſtance.—His lordſhip then enquired the reaſon of his coming to England; and upon the merchant's telling him his ſtory, he ſo intereſted himſelf, as ſoon to procure the payment of all his debts.—Cromwell then informed the merchant, that he was himſelf the perſon he had thus relieved; and for every

very ducat which the merchant had given him, he returned to the value of a hundred, telling him, that this was the payment of his debt. Hé then made him a munificent preſent, and aſked him whether he choſe to ſettle in England, or return to his own country? The foreigner choſe the latter, and returned to ſpend the remainder of his days in competence and quiet, after having experienced in lord Eſſex as high an inſtance of generoſity and gratitude as perhaps ever was known.

Sir Thomas Overbury, whoſe tragical death is remembred, but whoſe ſtory may be partly forgotten, had contracted an intimacy, which afterwards grew into friendſhip with Sir Robert Carre, a Scotch gentleman, a favourite with king James, and afterwards earl of Somerſet. Such was the warmth of friendſhip in which theſe two gentlemen lived, that they were inſeparable. Carre could enter into no ſcheme, nor purſue any meaſures, without the advice and concurrence of Overbury, nor could Overbury enjoy any felicity but in the company of him he loved; their friendſhip was the ſubject of court converſation, and their genius ſeemed ſo much alike, that it was reaſonable to ſuppoſe no breach could ever be produced between them; but ſuch it ſeems is the power of woman, ſuch the influence of beauty, that even the ſacred

ties of friendſhip are broke aſunder by the magic energy of thoſe ſuperior charms. Carre fell in love with lady Frances Howard, daughter to the earl of Suffolk, and lately divorced from the earl of Eſſex. He communicated his paſſion to his friend, who was too penetrating not to know that no man could live with much comfort, with a woman of the counteſs's ſtamp, of whoſe morals he had a bad opinion; he inſinuated to Carre ſome ſuſpicions, and thoſe well founded, againſt her honour; he diſſwaded him with all the warmth of the ſincereſt friendſhip, to deſiſt from a match that would involve him in miſery, and not to ſuffer his paſſion for her beauty to have ſo much ſway over him, as to make him ſacrifice his peace to its indulgence. Carre, who was deſperately in love, forgetting the ties of honour, as well as friendſhip, communicated to the lady what Overbury had ſaid of her, and they who have read the heart of woman, will be at no loſs to conceive what reception ſhe gave that unwelcome report. She knew, that Carre was immoderately attached to Overbury, that he was directed by his council in all things, and devoted to his intereſt,

Earth has no curſe like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman ſcorn'd.

This was literally verify'd in the caſe of the counteſs; ſhe let looſe all the rage of which

ſhe

ſhe was capable againſt him, and as ſhe panted for the conſummation of the match between Carre and her, ſhe ſo influenced the viſcount that he began to conceive a hatred likewiſe to Overbury; and while he was thus ſubdued by the charms of a wicked woman, he ſeem'd to change his nature, and from the gentle, eaſy, acceſſible, good-natured man, he formerly appeared, he degenerated into the ſullen, vindictive, and implacable. One thing with reſpect to the counteſs ought not to be omitted. She was wife of the famous earl of Eſſex, who afterwards headed the army of the parliament againſt the king, and to whom the imputation of impotence was laid. The counteſs, in order to procure a divorce from her huſband, gave it out that tho' ſhe had been for ſome time in a married ſtate, ſhe was yet a virgin, and which it ſeems ſat very uneaſy upon her. To prove this, a jury of matrons were to examine her and give their opinion, whether ſhe was, or was not a virgin: this ſcrutiny the counteſs did not care to undergo, and therefore entreated the favour that ſhe might enter maſk'd to ſave her bluſhes; this was granted her, and ſhe took care to have a young lady provided, of much the ſame ſize and exterior appearance, who perſonated her, and the jury aſſerted her to be an unviolated virgin. This precaution in the counteſs, no doubt, diminiſhes her character, and is a circumſtance not favourable

to

to her honour; for if her huſband had been really impotent as ſhe pretended, ſhe needed not have been afraid of the ſearch; and it proves that ſhe either injured her huſband, by falſely aſperſing him, or that ſhe had violated her honour with other men. But which ever of theſe cauſes prevailed, had the counteſs been wiſe enough, ſhe had no occaſion to fear the conſequences of a ſcrutiny; for if I am rightly informed, a jury of old women can no more judge accurately whether a woman has yielded her virginity, than they can by examining a dead body, know of what diſtemper the deceaſed died; but be that as it may, the whole affair is unfavourable to her modeſty; it ſhews her a woman of irregular paſſions, which poor Sir Thomas Overbury dearly experienced; for even after the counteſs was happy in the embraces of Somerſet, ſhe could not forbear the perſecution of Overbury; ſhe procured that Sir Thomas ſhould be nominated by the king to go embaſſador to Ruſſia, a deſtination ſhe knew would diſpleaſe him, it being then no better than a kind of honourable grave; ſhe likewiſe excited earl Somerſet to ſeem again his friend, and to adviſe him ſtrongly to refuſe the embaſſy, and at the ſame time inſinuate, that if he ſhould, it would only be lying a few weeks in the Tower, which to a man well provided in all the neceſſaries, as well as comforts of life, had no great terror

in

in it. This expedient Sir Thomas embraced, and abſolutely refuſed to go abroad; upon which, on the twenty-firſt of April 1613, he was ſent priſoner to the Tower, and put under the care of Sir Gervais Yelvis, then lord-lieutenant. The counteſs being ſo far ſucceſsful, began now to conceive great hopes of compleating her ſcheme of aſſaſſination, and drew over the earl of Somerſet her huſband, to her party, and he who a few years before, had obtained the honour of knighthood for Overbury, was now ſo enraged againſt him, that he coincided in taking meaſures to murder his friend. Sir Gervis Yelvis, who obtained the lieutenancy by Somerſet's intereſt, was a creature devoted to his pleaſure. He was a needy man, totally deſtitute of any principles of honour, and was eaſily prevailed upon to forward a ſcheme for deſtroying poor Overbury by poiſon. Accordingly they conſulted with one Mrs Turner, (the firſt inventor, ſays Winſtanley of that horrid garb of yellow ruffs and cuffs, and in which garb ſhe was afterwards hanged) who having acquaintance with one James Franklin, a man who it ſeems was admirably fitted to be a cut-throat, agreed with him to provide that which would not kill preſently, but cauſe one to languiſh away by degrees. The lieutenant being engaged in the conſpiracy, admits one Weſton, Mrs Turner's man, who under pretence of waiting on Sir Thomas,

was

was to do the horrid deed. The plot being thus formed, and ſucceſs promiſing ſo fair, Franklin buys various poiſons, white arſenick, mercury-ſublimate, cantharides, red mercury, with three or four other deadly ingredients, which he delivered to Weſton, with inſtructions how to uſe them; who put them into his broth and meat, increaſing and diminiſhing their ſtrength according as he ſaw him affected; beſides theſe, the counteſs ſent him by way of preſent, poiſoned tarts and jellies; but Overbury being of a ſtrong conſtitution, held long out againſt their influence; his body broke out in blotches and blains, which occaſioned the report induſtriouſly propagated by Somerſet, of his having died of the French diſeaſe. At laſt they procured his death by the application of a poiſoned clyſter, by which he next day in painful agonies expired. Thus (ſays Winſtanley) *by the malice of a woman that worthy knight was murthered, who yet ſtill lives in that witty poem of his, entitled,* A Wife, *as is well expreſſed by the verſes under his picture.*

A man's beſt fortune or his worſt's a wife,
Yet I, that knew no marriage, peace nor ſtrife,
Live by a good one, by a bad one loſt my life.

At the repreſentation of the *Scornful Lady*, ſome years ago, for the benefit of Mrs Oldfield, many perſons of diſtinction were behind the ſcenes. Among others, Beau Fielding came,

came, and being always mighty ambitious of ſhewing his fine air and ſhape, as himſelf uſed vainly to talk, he very cloſely preſſed forward upon ſome gentlemen, but in particular, upon Mr Fulwood, a barriſter of Grey's-Inn, and an acquaintance of Mrs Oldfield's. Mr Fulwood being a gentleman of quick reſentment, told Fielding he uſed him rudely, upon which he laid his hand upon his ſword, but Mr Fulwood inſtantly drew and gave Fielding a wound of twelve inches deep in the belly. This putting the audience in the greateſt conſternation, Mr Fulwood was with much intreaty perſwaded to leave the place. At length, out of reſpect to Mrs Oldfield, he did ſo, and went to the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, where the ſame evening the *Libertine* was acted. Mr Fulwood went into the Pit, and in a very few minutes caſt his eyes on one captain Cuſac, to whom he had an old grudge, and there demanded ſatisfaction of him. Captain Cuſack, without the leaſt heſitation obey'd the challenge. They went into the Fields, and in leſs than half an hour, word was brought to Fielding, that Mr Fulwood was killed on the ſpot.

Mrs Verbruggen, the famous actreſs who preceded Mrs Oldfield, was daughter to Mr Percival, and firſt married to Mr Mountfort, who was killed by lord Mohun. One remarkable

markable particular in this lady's ſtory, deſerves to be taken notice of. Her father, old Percival, had the misfortune to be drawn into the aſſaſſination-plot againſt king William, and received ſentence of death on the very ſame night that the news of her huſband's murder was communicated to her. Under this moſt unparallel'd affliction ſhe was introduced to queen Mary, who being, as ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, ſtruck to the heart upon receiving Mrs Mountfort's petition, immediately granted all that was in her power, a remiſſion of her father's execution, and afterwards was graciouſly pleaſed to procure a mitigation of his ſentence, which was changed to that of baniſhment. But Mr Percival being weakened by his long impriſonment, fell ill upon the road and died at Portſmouth.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous duke of Orleans, who was regent of France during the minority of the late king, that when a gentleman was hired to murder him, and he by his ſpies procured intelligence of it, inſtead of endeavouring to defeat the deſign, he gave orders that the man ſhould be admitted to him. Accordingly he was ſuffered to paſs into the duke's bedchamber one morning early on pretence of buſineſs from the queen. As ſoon as the duke caſt his eyes on him, he ſpake thus; *I know thy buſineſs, friend; thou art ſent to take away my life.*

What

What hurt have I done thee? It is now in my power, with a word, to have thee cut in pieces before my face. But I pardon thee; go thy way and ſee my face no more. The gentleman, ſtung with his own guilt, and aſtoniſh'd at the excellent nature of this prince, fell on his knees, confeſs'd his deſign, and who employ'd him; but fearing to tarry in France, he immediately departed the kingdom, and enter'd himſelf into the ſervice of the Spaniſh king.

Mr Addiſon, in one of his papers, has expreſſed his approbation of a medal which was ſtruck by queen Elizabeth, a little after the defeat of the invincible Armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the king of Spain and others, who were the enemies of that great princeſs, to derogate from her glory, aſcrib'd the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of ſtorms and tempeſts, than to the bravery of the Engliſh. Queen Elizabeth, inſtead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herſelf upon ſuch a ſignal favour of Providence, and accordingly on the reverſe of the medal above mentioned, has repreſented a fleet beaten by a tempeſt, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inſcription, *aſſiavit Deus & diſſipantur. He blew with his wind, and they were ſcattered.*

Dr Barrow, the learned divine and mathematician, in king Charles IId's time, was no leſs remarkable for his natural courage and humanity than for the other extraordinary faculties of his mind, all which were ſuperior to moſt men. An inſtance of his bravery he gave when upon his travels; for in his paſſage from Leghorn to Conſtantinople, the ſhip he ſailed in being attack'd by an Algerine pirate, during the fight he ſo animated the ſailors both by his words and example, that by the ſtout defence they made the pirate was beaten off. Being aſk'd afterwards, why he did not go down into the hold and leave the defence of the ſhip to whom it belong'd; he reply'd, *that he was ready at all times to die for the preſervation of his liberty, and nothing to him appeared terrible but the falling into the hands of infidels.* But a bolder and more extraordinary inſtance of true, deliberate and manly courage in Dr Barrow is the following: He was at a gentleman's houſe in the country, if I miſtake not, in Cambridgeſhire, where the neceſſary-houſe was at the end of the garden, and conſequently at a great diſtance from the room where he lodged; as he was going to it very early, even before day, for he was ſparing of ſleep, and a very early riſer, a fierce maſtiff who uſed to be chained up all day, and let looſe at night for the ſecurity of the houſe, perceiving a ſtrange perſon in the garden at that unſeaſonable time

time, ſet upon him with great fury. The Doctor catch'd him by the throat, threw him, and lay upon him; and whilſt he kept him down, conſidered what he ſhould do in that exigence; once he had a mind to kill him, but he quite alter'd this reſolution, judging it would be an unjuſt action, for the dog did his duty, and he himſelf was in fault for rambling out of his lodgings before it was light. At length he called out ſo loud that he was heard by ſome of the houſe, who came preſently out, and freed both the dog and the doctor from the imminent danger they were both in.

When Mr Witherilt belong'd to Drury-Lane playhouſe, he uſed in the ſummer-ſeaſon to go into the country with his family to play at ſeveral towns in Lincolnſhire, the county where he was born. Being at Grantham, his ſon was taken ill, and when he was ſummoned to attend his buſineſs in town he ſent a letter excuſing himſelf to Mr Wilks for a few days, *becauſe his ſon was at the point of death.* What follows is remarkable: The very night this letter was wrote, the ſon, in all appearance, expired, was ſtript and waſh'd, the bed taken away, and he laid out upon a mat, with a baſon of ſalt placed on his ſtomach according to the cuſtom of the country where he died; the inconſolable parents, (for his mother was alſo of the com-

pany) removed to another lodging, the coffin was ſent into the deceaſed's chamber, and the windows were all ſet open. About ten at night a perſon was ſent with a light to watch the corpſe. When ſhe open'd the door, the firſt object ſhe beheld was poor Bob (as he was generally called by his intimates) ſitting up with his teeth chattering in his head, as well they might with cold. The woman, in her fright, drop'd the candle, and ſcream'd out, *the devil!* The noiſe alarm'd another woman below, who ran up ſtairs to ſee what was the matter. In the mean time, Bob, with much ado, had made a ſhift to get from the bed; and taking up the candle, which lay upon the floor unextinguiſh'd, was creeping to the door to call for aſſiſtance, as naked as from the womb of his mother; which the women perceiving, with joint ſcreams repeated, *a ghoſt, a ghoſt! the devil, the devil!* The maſter of the houſe hearing this uproar, ran himſelf to know the reaſon; where poor Bob, the ſuppoſed devil, and he, ſoon came to a right underſtanding. He was put into a warm bed, to the unſpeakable joy of his deſponding parents, and in ten days after was in London, telling the ſtory of his own death.

The minuteſt particulars relating to perſons that have made any figure in life are amuſing, and it muſt be confeſs'd that many of the

the ſtories here inſerted can hardly admit of any other excuſe. Mrs Oldfield was one of thoſe extraordinary perſonages that ſtart up in a century for the world to gaze upon; and it was owing to Mr Farquhar that ſhe became the object of the public admiration. He accidentally at a tavern kept by a near relation of hers, heard a perſon reading a comedy in a room behind the bar, with ſuch a juſt vivacity and humour of the characters, as gave him infinite ſurpriſe and ſatisfaction. His curioſity was too prevalent to preſerve the height of good manners; therefore he made a pretence to go into the room, where he was ſtruck dumb, for ſome time, with her figure and blooming beauty; but was more aſtoniſh'd at her diſcourſe and ſprightly wit. Mr Farquhar preſs'd her to purſue her amuſement, but was obliged to depart without that ſatisfaction. Mr Wilks was at that time in Ireland, and therefore he took ſome pains to acquaint Sir John Vanburgh, who had a ſhare in the patent, with the jewel he had thus found out by accident. It was ſome time before ſhe would be prevaled upon, tho' ſhe afterwards uſed merrily to confeſs, *ſhe long'd to be at it, and only wanted a little decent intreaty*. Sir Roger Moſtyngs, who was colonel of the fourth troop of life-guards, was paſſionately in love with this amiable perſon when ſhe firſt appeared on the ſtage, and notwithſtanding her indifference and even bad

uſage of him, could never get the better of his paſſion. Voltaire tells it as a fact, that he was at ſupper with that gentleman, when his diſgrace and baniſhment was notify'd to him in the year Fifteen, at which time he was deprived of his commiſſion, forbid the court, and commanded to retire to his eſtate, on ſuſpicion of favouring the intereſt of the pretender. Sir Roger receiv'd his diſmiſſion with all the indifference in the world; but his concern for his miſtreſs, whom he was forced to abandon her, inſtantly recoiled upon him, and his grief and love made him ſhed tears. His order bore, that he ſhould depart to his eſtate the next day; and therefore, as the laſt remedy for his love, he propoſed inſtant marriage to Mrs Oldfield, which produced no other effect than a mortifying refuſal.

In a tranſition from the celebrated Mrs Oldfield, the greateſt player that ever was of her ſex, to the inimitable Milton, the greateſt poet, ſomething more important might be expected; but what follows is only the ſtory of a quarrel between him and his wife, and of the manner of their reconcilement. His firſt lady was daughter to Richard Powel Eſq; of Foreſt-Hill in Oxfordſhire, and juſtice of peace for that county, who was as noted for his attachment to the royal houſe of Stuart, as Milton was to the government of the Protector;

tector; they had not lived long together before a difference aroſe, which ended in a ſeparation; the lady returned to her father's, and Milton prepared, upon her refuſal to come back to live with him, to marry another wife; and in order to pave the way, publiſh'd the Doctrine and Diſcipline of Divorces. The perſon whom Milton then had in his eye, was generally thought to be one of Dr Davy's daughters, a very handſome and witty lady, but averſe, as it is ſaid, to this match; however, the intelligence of ſuch a motion cauſed juſtice Powel's family to take the alarm, and to ſet all engines at work to reſtore the married woman to the ſtation in which they a little before had placed her. At laſt, this device was pitch'd upon. There dwelt in the lane of St Martin le Grand, which was hard by Milton's houſe, a relation of his, one Blackborough, whom it was known he often viſited, and upon this occaſion the viſits were more narrowly obſerved; and poſſibly there might be a combination between both parties, the friends on both ſides conſenting in the ſame action, tho' in different behalfs. One time above the reſt, making his uſual viſits, his wife was ready in another room; on a ſudden he was ſurpriſed to ſee one, whom he thought never to have ſeen more, making ſubmiſſion, and begging pardon on her knees before him. He might probably at firſt make ſome ſhew of averſion

and

and rejection; but partly his own generous nature, more inclinable to reconciliation than to perseverance in anger and revenge, and partly the strong intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought him to an act of oblivion and firm league of peace for the future; and it was at length concluded, that she should remain to a friend's house, till he was settled in his new house in Barbican, and all things prepared for her reception. The first-fruits of her return to her husband was a brave girl born within a year after, and who as she grew up was of infinite advantage to her father, in reading to him when he was blind, and in writing what he dictated. Many are inclined to think, that the above mentioned interview left such impressions on Milton's imagination as contributed not a little to the painting of that pathetic scene in Paradise Lost, in which Eve addresses herself to Adam for pardon and peace.

He added not, and from her turn'd— But, Eve,
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness heav'n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees:—bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,

Thy

Thy counſel, in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My only ſtrength, and ſtay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me,—where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, (ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps)
Between us two let there be peace! both joining
(As join'd in injuries) one enmity
Againſt a foe by doom expreſs aſſign'd us,
That cruel ſerpent!—On me exerciſe not
Thy hatred, for this miſery befallen;
On me, already loſt! Me, than thy ſelf
More miſerable! Both have ſinn'd! but, thou
Againſt God only; I, againſt God, and thee:
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune heav'n; that all
The ſentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
On me; ſole cauſe to thee of all this woe;
Me! me! only juſt object of his ire!
She ended weeping; and her lowly plight
Immoveable, 'till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd, and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiſeration: ſoon his heart relented
Tow'rds her, his life ſo late, and ſole delight
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs!
Creature ſo fair his reconcilement ſeeking
His counſel, (whom ſhe had diſpleas'd) his aid!
As one diſarm'd, his anger all he loſt.

Mr John Ward, fellow of the Royal Society, and Profeſſor of Rhetoric of Greſham-College, being inform'd about the year 1725, that one of the daughters of the great Milton was then alive in Spittle-Fields, and in ſtrait circum-

circumſtances, had a great deſire to ſee her, and received that ſatisfaction at the houſe of one of his own relations, a little before her death. He aſked her many queſtions concerning her father no doubt; to all which ſhe gave very full and pertinent anſwers; ſhe inform'd him, that ſhe and her ſiſters uſed to read to their father in eight languages, which by practice they were capable of doing with great readineſs and accuracy, tho' they underſtood no language but Engliſh, for their father uſed often to ſay in their hearing, *One tongue was enough for a woman.* None of them were ever ſent to ſchool, but all taught at home by a miſtreſs kept for that purpoſe. Iſaiah, Homer, and Ovid's Metamorphoſes were books which they were often called to read to their father; and at Mr Ward's deſire ſhe repeated a great number of verſes from the beginning of both theſe poets with great readineſs. He knew who ſhe was at firſt ſight by the ſimilitude of her countenance with her father's picture. And upon telling her ſo, ſhe inform'd Mr Ward, that Mr Addiſon ſaid the ſame thing on her going to wait on him; for he, upon hearing ſhe was living, ſent for her, and deſired, if ſhe had any papers of her father's, that ſhe would bring them with her as an evidence of her being Milton's daughter; but immediately on her being introduced to him, he ſaid, *Madam, you need no other voucher, your face is a ſufficient*

cient teſtimonial whoſe daughter you are; and he then made her a handſome preſent of a purſe of guineas, with a promiſe of procuring for her an annual penſion for life; but he dying ſoon after, ſhe loſt the benefit of his generous inclination. Mr Ward ſays, ſhe appeared to be a woman of good ſenſe, and genteel behaviour, had been married to a weaver, one Mr Clarke, of Spittle-Fields, and ſeemed to bear the inconveniences of a low fortune with decency and prudence. Her late majeſty happening to hear of her likewiſe, ſent her fifty guineas, and ſhe received ſeveral other handſome preſents from noblemen and gentlemen a little before her death.

It is remarkable, likewiſe, that Milton's third and laſt wife, who died very old, between thirty and forty years ago at Nantwich in Cheſhire, gave much the ſame account of his daughters reading to him; and added, that her huſband uſed to compoſe his poetry chiefly in the winter, and on his waking in a morning would make her write down ſometimes twenty or thirty verſes. Being aſk'd whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil, ſhe underſtood it as an imputation upon him for ſtealing from thoſe authors, and anſwered with eagerneſs, that he ſtole from nobody but the muſe that inſpir'd him; and being aſk'd by a lady preſent, who the muſe was;

was? ſhe anſwer'd, it was God's grace and holy ſpirit that viſited him nightly. She was likewiſe aſk'd, whom he approved moſt of our Engliſh poets? and anſwer'd, Spenſer, Shakeſpear, and Cowley; and being aſk'd, What he thought of Dryden? She ſaid, Dryden himſelf often came to viſit her huſband: but he thought him no Poet, only a Rhymiſt, Mr Phillips and Mr Richardſon, who both knew Milton perſonally, took notice that he uſed to dictate his verſes as he lay a-bed in a morning; and Phillips in particular, confirms that fact remembered by his wife, that his vein never flow'd happily, tho' he courted his fancy ever ſo much, but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal.—As Milton's name is frequently brought up in company, theſe little circumſtances will ſometimes ſerve to fill up converſation.

Tho' we have already related ſeveral particulars of the life of lord Broghill, there is one not mentioned that is too curious to be omitted. There had been a rumour ſpread, whether true or falſe, that the royal party had concerted a ſcheme for a general maſſacre of the republicans in London, in the ſame manner as had been practiſed a few years before on the proteſtants by the papiſts in Ireland; the bare report of ſuch a horrid deſign had inſpired another almoſt as bad into the minds of the republicans; this was, the

the bringing in a bill into parliament for detimating the royal party, which being the blackeſt meaſure that Cromwell ever enter'd into, was very vigorouſly oppoſed by his lordſhip in parliament, and was perhaps the greateſt and nobleſt action of his whole life. He made a long and elaborate ſpeech, in which he ſhew'd the injuſtice, cruelty, and folly of that truly barbarous and Nero-like propoſition. Finding, however, that he was likely to loſe the queſtion upon the diviſion, which probably would have ended in loſing his life, he had the boldneſs to ſay, that *he did not think ſo many Engliſhmen could countenance ſuch unprecedented cruelty*; and inſtantly roſe up to depart; upon which ſo great a number followed him, that the Speaker, without telling, declared from the chair, *the* No's *have it*; and the Bill was accordingly thrown out. Upon this, he went immediately up to Cromwell, and ſaid, *I have done you this day the greateſt ſervice I ever did in my whole life.* How? returned the Protector. *By hindering your government from becoming odious, which already begins to be diſliked; for if this bill had paſſed, three kingdoms would have riſen up againſt you, and they were your enemies and not your friends who brought it in.* This, Cromwell, upon reflection, ſo firmly believed, that he never forgave or truſted any of them afterwards.

The famous polemical writer, Thomas Hobbs, whoſe Leviathan made ſo great a noiſe all over Europe, was employ'd in France to teach the then prince of Wales, afterwards king Charles II. mathematics, but upon the publication of his Leviathan, he was diſcharged from that honour as a man of unworthy principles. His great learning however, raiſed up a patron and protector in the perſon of the earl of Devonſhire, at whoſe houſe at Chatſworth, he lived till he was very old. He was indulged in every thing he thought fit to do; and his profeſſed rule was, to dedicate the morning to his health, and the afternoon to his ſtudies; and therefore at his firſt riſing he walked out, and climbed any hill within his reach; or, if the weather was not dry, he fatigued himſelf within doors by ſome exerciſe or other till he was in a ſweat, recommending that practice upon his opinion, that an old man had more moiſture than heat, and therefore by ſuch motion heat was to be acquired, and moiſture expelled. After this he took a breakfaſt, and then went round the lodgings to wait upon the earl, the counteſs, and the children, and any conſiderable ſtrangers, paying ſome ſhort addreſſes to them all. He kept theſe rounds till about twelve o'clock, when he had a little dinner provided for him which he eat always by himſelf without ceremony. Soon after dinner he returned into his ſtudy, and

and had a candle, with ten or twelve papers of tobacco laid by him; then ſhutting the door he fell a ſmoaking, and thinking, and writing for ſeveral hours. He was a man of no ſteady principles, and laid it down as a maxim, *to ſuffer for no cauſe whatſoever*; he uſed likewiſe to ſay, *It was lawful to make uſe of evil inſtruments to do ourſelves good*; and to illuſtrate his opinion by an example, *If I were caſt*, ſaid he, *into a deep pit, and the devil ſhould put down his cloven foot, I ſhould certainly lay hold of it to accompliſh my deliverance.*

The celebrated Waller, author of a book of poems, was a member of the famous poetical club, to which Falkland, Wenman, Chillingworth, Godolphin, and other illuſtrious names of the laſt age belonged. One evening, when this club were met, a great noiſe was heard in the ſtreet, which not a little alarmed them, and upon enquiring the cauſe, they were told, that a ſon of Ben Johnſon's was arreſted. This club was too generous to ſuffer a child of one, who was the genuine ſon of Apollo, to be carried to a goal, perhaps for a trifle; they ſent for him, but in the place of Ben Johnſon's ſon, Mr George Morley, afterwards biſhop of Winchester, was brought before them. Mr Waller took a liking to the young gentleman at firſt ſight, paid the debt for him, which amounted to a hundred pounds, and took him

down to Beckonsfield with him, where his deſcendants have a fine ſeat at this day. Here he continued for eight or ten years, and Waller uſed to ſay, that by lending a hundred pounds, he had paved the way for himſelf to borrow from his friend what was of infinitely more value, namely, a taſte of the ancient poets, and what he had retained of their manner.

There is a ſtory told of this gentleman that does honour to his ſincerity. King James II. having ordered Mr Waller to attend him one afternoon; when he came, the king carried him into his cloſet, and there aſk'd him, how he lik'd ſuch a picture? *Sir*, ſays Mr Waller, *my eyes are dim, and I know not whoſe it is.* The king anſwered, *It is the princeſs of Orange. I think* ſays Waller, *ſhe is like the greateſt woman in the world. Whom do you call ſo?* ſaid the king. *Queen Elizabeth*, reply'd the other. *I wonder, Mr Waller*, ſaid the king, *that you ſhould think ſo*; and added, *ſhe owed her greatneſs to her council, which was indeed a wiſe one. And, Sir*, ſaid Mr Waller, *did you ever know a fool chuſe a wiſe one?*

The duke of Buckingham, of whoſe quarrel with lord Rocheſter we have already ſpoken, was not always upon ſuch bad terms with that nobleman, as will appear by the fol-

following adventure; for being in disgrace at court, and under no particular attachment in town, he and lord Rochester took it into their heads to take a ramble into the country in search of fresh amours: among many other frolicks there happened to be one that afforded them high diversion. An inn on the Newmarket road being to be let, they disguised themselves in proper habits for the persons they were to assume, and jointly took this inn, in which each in his turn officiated as master; but they soon made this subservient to purposes of another nature —Having carefully observed the pretty girls in the country with whom they were most captivated, (they considered not whether maids, wives, or widows) and to gain opportunities of seducing them, they invited the neighbours, who had either wives or daughters, to frequent feasts, where the men were plied hard with good liquor, and the women sufficiently warmed to make but as little resistance as would be agreeable to their inclinations, dealing out their poison to both sexes, inspiring the men with wine and other strong liquors, and the women with love: thus they were able to deflower many a virgin, and alienate the affections of many a wife; and it is difficult to say, whether it is possible for two men to live to a worse purpose. — It is natural to imagine that this kind of life could not be of long dura-

tion. Feaſts ſo frequently given, and that without any thing to pay, muſt give a ſtrong ſuſpicion that the inn-keepers muſt ſoon break, or that they were of ſuch fortune and circumſtances, as did not well ſuit the poſt they were in.—This their lordſhips were ſenſible of, but not much concerned about it, ſince they were ſeldom found long to continue in the ſame ſort of adventures, variety being the life of their enjoyments. It was beſides, near the time of his majeſty's going to Newmarket, when they deſigned, that the diſcovery of their real plots ſhould clear them of the imputation of being concerned in any more pernicious to the government. Theſe two conjunctures meeting, they thought themſelves obliged to diſpatch two important adventures, which they had not yet been able to compaſs.——There was an old covetous miſer in the neighbourhood, who notwithſtanding his age, was in poſſeſſion of a very agreeable young wife. Her huſband watched her with the ſame aſſiduity he did his money, and never truſted her out of his ſight, but under the protection of an old maiden ſiſter, who never had herſelf experienced the joys of love, and bore no great benevolence to thoſe who were young and handſome. Our noble inn-keepers had no manner of doubt of his accepting a treat, as many had done, for he loved good living with all his heart, when it coſt him nothing; and except upon theſe oc-

occaſions he was the moſt temperate and abſtemious man alive; but then they could never prevail with him to bring his wife, notwithſtanding they urged the preſence of ſo many good wives in the neighbourhood to keep her company. All their ſtudy then was how to deceive the old ſiſter at home, who was ſet as a guardian over that fruit which the miſer could neither eat himſelf, nor ſuffer any other to taſte; but ſuch a difficulty as this was ſoon to be overcome by ſuch inventors. It was therefore agreed that lord Rocheſter ſhould be dreſſed in woman's cloaths, and while the huſband was feaſting with my lord duke, he ſhould make trial of his ſkill with the old woman at home. He had learned that ſhe had no averſion to the bottle when ſhe could come ſecretly and conveniently at it. Equipped like a country-laſs, and furniſhed with a bottle of ſpirituous liquors, he marched to the old miſer's houſe. It was with difficulty he found means to ſpeak with the old woman, but at laſt obtain'd the favour; where perfect in all the cant of thoſe people, he began to tell the occaſion of his coming, in hopes ſhe would invite him to come in, but all in vain; he was admitted no farther than the porch, with the door a-jar: at laſt, my lord finding no other way, fell upon this expedient. He pretended to be taken ſuddenly ill, and tumbled down upon the threſhold. This noiſe brings the

young

young wife to them, who with much trouble perſuades her keeper to help her into the houſe, in regard to the decorum of her ſex, and the unhappy condition ſhe was in. The door had not been long ſhut, till our impoſtor by degrees recovers, and being ſet on a chair, cants a very religious thankſgiving to the good old gentlewoman for her kindneſs, and obſerved how deplorable it was to be ſubject to ſuch fits, which often took her in the ſtreet, and expoſed her to many accidents, but every now and then took a ſip of the bottle, and recommended it to the old benefactreſs, who was ſure to drink a hearty dram. His lordſhip had another bottle in his pocket qualified with a little opium, which would ſooner accompliſh his deſire, by giving the woman a ſomniferous doſe, and drinking this with greedineſs, ſhe ſoon fell faſt aſleep. His lordſhip having ſo far ſucceeded, and being fired with the preſence of the young wife, for whom he had formed this odd ſcheme, his deſires became impetuous, which produced a change of colour, and made the artleſs creature imagine the fit was returning. My lord then aſk'd, if ſhe would be ſo charitable as to let him lie down on the bed; the good-natur'd young woman ſhewed him the way, and being laid down, and ſtaying by him at his requeſt, he put her in mind of her condition, aſking about her huſband, whom the young woman painted in his true colours, as a ſurly, jealous,

jealous, old tyrant. The rural innocent imagining ſhe had only a woman with her, was leſs reſerved in her behaviour and expreſſions on that account, and his lordſhip ſoon found that a tale of love would not be unpleaſing to her. Being now no longer able to curb his appetite, which was wound up beyond the power of reſtraint, he declared his ſex to her, and without much ſtruggling enjoyed her.——He now became as happy as indulgence could make him; and when the firſt tranſports were over, he contrived the eſcape of this young adultreſs from the priſon of her keeper. She hearkened to his propoſals with pleaſure, and before the old gentlewoman was awake, ſhe robbed her huſband of an hundred and fifty pieces, and marched off with lord Rocheſter to the inn, about midnight. They were to paſs over three or four fields before they could reach it, and in going over the laſt, they very nearly eſcaped falling into the enemy's hands; but the voice of the huſband diſcovering who he was, our adventurers ſtruck down the field out of the path, and for the greater ſecurity lay down in the graſs. The place, the occaſion, and the perſon that was ſo near, put his lordſhip in mind of renewing his pleaſure almoſt in ſight of the cuckold. The fair was no longer coy, and eaſily yielded to his deſires. He in ſhort carried the girl home, and then proſtituted her to the duke's pleaſure, after he had

had been cloy'd himſelf. The old man going home, and finding his ſiſter aſleep, his wife fled, and his money gone, was thrown into a ſtate of madneſs, and ſoon hanged himſelf. The news was ſoon ſpread about the neighbourhood, and reached the inn, where both lovers, now as weary of their purchaſe as deſirous of it before, adviſed her to go to London, with which ſhe complied, and in all probability followed there the trade of proſtitution for a ſubſiſtence.

Killigrew was a man of very great humour, and frequently diverted king Charles II. by his lively ſpirit of mirth and drollery. He was frequently at court, and had often acceſs to king Charles when admiſſion was denied to the firſt peers in the realm. Amongſt many other merry ſtories, the following is related of Killigrew. Charles II. who hated buſineſs as much as he lov'd pleaſure, would often diſappoint the council by withdrawing his royal preſence when they were met, by which their buſineſs was neceſſarily delay'd, and many of the council much offended by the diſreſpect thrown on them. It happened one day while the council were met, and had ſat ſome time in expectation of his majeſty, that the duke of Lauderdale, who was a furious ungovernable man, quitted the room in a paſſion, and accidentally met with Killigrew, to whom

whom he expreſſed himſelf irreverently of the king: Killigrew bid his grace be calm, *for he would lay a wager of a hundred pounds that he would make his majeſty come to council in leſs than half an hour.* Lauderdale being a little heated, and under the influence of ſurpriſe, took him at his word;—Killigrew went to the king, and without ceremony told him what had happened, and added, *I know your majeſty hates Lauderdale, tho' the neceſſity of your affairs obliges you to behave civilly to him; now if you would get rid of a man you hate, come to the council, for Lauderdale is a man ſo boundleſly avaritious, that rather than pay the hundred pounds loſt in this wager, he will hang himſelf, and never plague you more.* The king was pleaſed with the archneſs of this obſervation, and anſwered, *then Killigrew, I'll poſitively go*; which he did.

Mrs Behn, the celebrated Engliſh wit, was in ſuch eſteem with king Charles II. that he thought her a proper perſon to be entruſted with the management of ſome important affairs during the Dutch war, in order to which ſhe pitched upon Antwerp as the place of her reſidence. As an ambaſſador, by her political intrigues ſhe diſcovered the deſign formed by the Dutch, of ſailing up the river Thames, and burning the Engliſh ſhips in their harbours, which ſhe communicated to the court

of

of England. This she effected by the intervention of a Dutchman. As an ambassador or negociator of her sex could not take the usual means of intelligence of mixing with the multitude, and bustling in the cabals of statesmen, she fell upon another way, perhaps more efficacious, of working by her eyes. One Vander Albert had been in love with her before her marriage with Mr Behn, and no sooner heard of her arrival at Antwerp, than he paid her a visit; and after a repetition of his former vows, and ardent professions for her service, pressed her to receive from him some undeniable proofs of the vehemence and sincerity of his passion, for which he would ask no reward, till he had by long and faithful services convinced her that he deserved it. This proposal was so suitable to her present aim in the service of her country, that she accepted it, and employed Albert in such a manner, as made her very serviceable to the king. The latter end of the year 1666, he sent her word by a special messenger, that he would be with her at a day appointed, at which time, he revealed to her, that Cornelius de Wit, who, with the rest of that family, had an implacable hatred to the English nation and the House of Orange, had, with de Ruyter, proposed to the States the expedition above mentioned. This proposal, concurring with the advice which the Dutch

Dutch ſpies in England had given them, of the total neglect of all naval preparations, was well received, and was reſolved to be put in execution, as a thing neither dangerous nor difficult. Albert having communicated a ſecret of this importance, and with ſuch marks of truth, that ſhe had no room to doubt of it, as ſoon as the interview was at an end, ſhe diſpatched an account of what ſhe had diſcovered, to England. But her intelligence, though well grounded, as appeared by the event, being ſlighted, ſhe laid aſide all other thoughts of ſtate affairs, and amuſed herſelf during her ſtay at Antwerp with the gallantries in that city.

We have already mentioned the death of Mr Mountford, but the manner in which it was accompliſhed remains to be told. Lord Mohun, it is well known, was a man of looſe morals, a rancorous ſpirit, and, in ſhort, reflected no honour on his titles. He had contracted an intimacy with one captain Hill, a man of ſcandalous morals and deſpicable life, and was ſo fond of this fellow, whom, it ſeems, nature had wonderfully formed to be a cut-throat, that he entered into his ſchemes, and became a party in promoting his moſt criminal pleaſures. This murderer had long entertained a paſſion for Mrs Bracegirdle, ſo well known as an excellent actreſs: his paſ-

ſion was rejected with diſdain. Hill, who could not bear the contempt ſhewn him by Mrs Bracegirdle, conceived that her averſion muſt proceed from having previouſly engaged her heart to ſome more favoured lover; and though Mr Mountford was a married man, he became jealous of him, probably, from no other reaſon, than the reſpect with which he obſerved Mr Mountford treat her, and their frequently playing together in the ſame ſcene. Confirmed in this ſuſpicion, he reſolved to be revenged on Mountford, and as he could not poſſeſs Mrs Bracegirdle by gentle means, he determined to have recourſe to violence, and hired ſome ruffians to aſſiſt him in carrying her off. His chief accomplice in this ſcheme was lord Mohun, to whom he communicated his intention, and who concurred with him in it. They appointed an evening for that purpoſe, hired a number of ſoldiers, and a coach, and went to the playhouſe in order to find Mrs Bracegirdle, but ſhe having no part in the play of that night, did not come to the houſe. They then got intelligence that ſhe was gone with her mother to ſup at one Mrs Page's in Drury-Lane; thither they went, and fixed their poſt, in expectation of Mrs Bracegirdle's coming out, when they intended to have executed their ſcheme againſt her. She at laſt came out, accompanied with her mother and Mr Page: the two adventurers made a ſign to their hired bravo's,

who

who laid their hands on Mrs Bracegirdle; but her mother, who threw her arms round her waiſt, preventing them from thruſting her immediately into the coach, and Mr Page gaining time to call aſſiſtance, their attempt was fruſtrated, and Mrs Bracegirdle, her mother, and Mr Page, were ſafely conveyed to her own houſe in Howard-Street in the Strand. Lord Mohun and Hill, enraged at this diſappointment, reſolved, ſince they were unſucceſsful in one part of their deſign, they would yet attempt another; and that night vowed revenge againſt Mr Mountford. They went to the ſtreet where Mr Mountford lived, and there lay in wait for him. Old Mrs Bracegirdle and another gentlewoman who had heard them vow revenge againſt Mr Mountford, ſent to his houſe, to deſire his wife to let him know his danger, and to warn him not to come home that night, but unluckily no meſſenger Mrs Mountford ſent was able to find him: captain Hill and lord Mohun paraded in the ſtreets with their ſwords drawn; and when the watch made enquiry into the cauſe of this, lord Mohun anſwered, that he was a peer of the realm, and dared them to touch him at their peril; the night-officers being intimidated at this threat, left them unmoleſted, and went their rounds. Towards midnight Mr Mountford going home to his own houſe was ſaluted in a very friendly manner by lord Mohun; and as his

lordſhip ſeemed to carry no marks of reſentment in his behaviour, he uſed the freedom to aſk him, how he came there at that time of night? to which his lordſhip reply'd, by aſking if he had not heard the affair of the woman? Mountford aſked, what woman? to which he anſwer'd, Mrs Bracegirdle: I hope, my lord, ſays he, you do not encourage Mr Hill in his attempt upon Mrs Bracegirdle, which however is no concern of mine. When he uttered theſe words, Hill behind his back, gave him ſome deſperate blows on his head, and before Mr Mountford had time to draw, and ſtand on his defence, he baſely run him through the body, and made his eſcape; the alarm of murder being given, the conſtable ſeized lord Mohun, who upon hearing that Hill had eſcaped expreſſed great ſatisfaction, and ſaid he did not care if he were hang'd for him. When the evidence were examined at Hicks's-Hall, one Mr Bencroft, who attended Mr Mountford, ſwore that he declared to him as a dying man, that while he was talking to lord Mohun, Hill ſtruck him with his left hand, and with his right hand run him thro' the body, before he had time to draw his ſword. Thus fell the unfortunate Mountford by the hand of an aſſaſſin, without having given him any provocation, ſave that which his own jealouſy raiſed, and which could not reaſonably be imputed to Mountford as a crime. Lord

Mohun

Mohun was tried, and acquitted by his peers; as it did not appear that he immediately aſſiſted Hill in perpetrating the murder, or that they had concerted it before; for tho' they were heard to vow revenge againſt Mountford, the word murder was never mentioned. It ſeems abundantly clear, that lord Mohun, however, if not active, was yet acceſſary to the murder; and had his crime been high treaſon, half the evidence which appeared againſt him, might have been ſufficient to coſt him his head. This nobleman himſelf was killed at laſt in a duel with the duke of Hamilton.

Dryden, with all his underſtanding, was fond of judicial aſtrology, and uſed to calculate the nativity of his children. When his lady was in labour with his ſon Charles, he being told it was decent to withdraw, laid his watch on the table, begging one of the ladies then preſent, in a moſt ſolemn manner, to take exact notice of the very minute the child was born, which ſhe did, and acquainted him with it. About a week after, when his lady was pretty well recovered, Mr Dryden took occaſion to tell her that he had been calculating the child's nativity, and obſerved, with grief, that he was born in an evil hour, for Jupiter, Venus, and the ſun, were all under the earth, and the lord of his aſcendant afflicted with a hateful ſquare of Mars and

Saturn. If he lives to arrive at his eighth year, ſays he, *he will go near to die a violent death on his very birth-day, but if he ſhould eſcape, as I ſee but ſmall hopes, he will in the twenty-third year be under the very ſame evil direction, and if he ſhould eſcape that alſo, the thirty-third or thirty-fourth year is, I fear*— here he was interrupted by the immoderate grief of his lady, who could no longer hear calamity propheſy'd to befal her ſon. The time at laſt came, and Auguſt was the inauſpicious month in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. The court being in progreſs, and Mr Dryden at leiſure, he was invited to the country-ſeat of the earl of Berkſhire, his brother-in-law, to keep the long vacation with him at Charlton in Wilts; his lady was invited to her uncle Mordaunt's, to paſs the remainder of the ſummer. When they came to divide the children, lady Elizabeth, would have him take John, and ſuffer her to take Charles; but Mr Dryden was too abſolute, and they parted in anger; he took Charles with him, and ſhe was obliged to be content with John. When the fatal day came, the anxiety of the lady's ſpirits occaſioned ſuch an effervеſcence of blood, as threw her into ſo violent a fever, that her life was deſpaired of, till a letter came from Mr Dryden, reproving her for her womaniſh credulity, and aſſuring her that her child was well, which recovered her ſpi-

rits,

rits, and in ſix weeks after ſhe received an ecclairciſſement of the whole affair. Mr Dryden, either thro' fear of being reckoned ſuperſtitious, or thinking it a ſcience beneath his ſtudy, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a dealer in aſtrology; therefore could not excuſe his abſence, on his ſon's anniverſary, from a general hunting match lord Berkſhire had made, to which all the adjacent gentlemen were invited. When he went out, he took care to ſet the boy a double exerciſe in the Latin tongue, which he taught his children himſelf, with a ſtrict charge not to ſtir out of the room till his return; well knowing the taſk he had ſet him would take up longer time. Charles was performing his duty, in obedience to his father, but as ill fate would have it, the ſtag made towards the houſe; and the noiſe alarming the ſervants, they haſted out to ſee the ſport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to ſee it alſo; when juſt as they came to the gate, the ſtag being at bay with the dogs, made a bold puſh and leaped over the court wall, which was very low, and very old; and the dogs following, threw down a part of the wall ten yards in length, under which Charles Dryden lay buried. He was immediately dug out, and after ſix weeks languiſhing in a dangerous way he recovered; ſo far Dryden's prediction was fulfilled: in the twenty-third year

year of his age, Charles fell from the top of an old tower belonging to the Vatican at Rome, occaſioned by a ſwimming in his head with which he was ſeized, the heat of the day being exceſſive. He again recovered, but was ever after in a languiſhing ſickly ſtate. In the thirty-third year of his age, being returned to England, he was unhappily drown'd at Windſor. He had with another gentleman ſwam twice over the Thames; but returning a third time, it was ſuppoſed he was taken with the cramp, becauſe he called out for help, tho' too late. Thus the father's calculation proved but too prophetical.

Sir Charles Sedley, Charles lord Buckhurſt, and Sir Thomas Ogle, were convened at a publick houſe in Bow-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, and being inflamed with ſtrong liquors, they went up to the balcony belonging to that houſe, and there ſhewed very indecent poſtures, and gave great offence to the paſſengers in the ſtreet by very unmannerly diſcharges upon them; which done, Sedley ſtripped himſelf naked, and preached to the people in a groſs and ſcandalous manner; whereupon a riot being raiſed, the mob became very clamorous, and would have forced the door next to the ſtreet; but being oppoſed, the preacher and his company were driven off the balcony, and the windows of a room into which they retired were broken by the

the mob. The frolic being ſoon ſpread abroad, and as perſons of faſhion were concerned in it, it was ſo much the more aggravated. The company were ſummoned to appear before a court of juſtice in Weſtminſter-hall, where being indicted for a riot before Sir Robert Hyde, lord chief-juſtice of the Common-pleas, they were all fined, and Sir Charles being ſentenced to pay 500l. he uſed ſome very impertinent expreſſions to the judge; who thereupon aſked him, *if he had ever read a book called the Compleat Gentleman?* To which Sir Charles made anſwer, *that he had read more books than his lordſhip.*

One day Mr Wycherly riding in his chariot through St James's Park, he was met by the dutcheſs of Cleveland, whoſe chariot joſtled with his, upon which ſhe looked out, and ſpoke very audibly, *You, Wycherly, you are a ſon of a whore*, and then burſt into a fit of laughter. Wycherly at firſt was very much ſurpriſed at this; but he ſoon recovered himſelf enough to recollect, that it was ſpoke in alluſion to the latter end of a ſong in his Love in a Wood;

When parents are ſlaves,
Their brats cannot be any other;
Great wits, and great braves,
Have always a punk for their mother.

During his ſurpriſe, the chariots drove different ways, and were ſoon at a conſiderable diſtance

diſtance from each other; but upon recollection, he ordered his coachman to drive back and overtake the lady. As ſoon as he got over againſt her, he ſaid to her, *Madam, you was pleaſed to beſtow a title upon me, which generally belongs to the fortunate. Will your ladyſhip be at the play to-night? Well,* ſhe reply'd, *what if I ſhould be there? Why then,* anſwered he, *I will be there to wait on your ladyſhip, tho' I diſappoint a fine woman, who has made me an aſſignation. So,* ſaid ſhe, *you are ſure to diſappoint a woman who has favoured you, for one who has not. Yes,* he replied, *if ſhe who has not favoured me is the finer woman of the two; but he who will be conſtant to your ladyſhip, till he can find a finer woman, is ſure to die your captive.*——The dutcheſs, in conſequence of this compliment, was that night in the firſt row of the king's-box in Drury Lane, and Mr Wycherly in the Pit under her, where he entertained her during the whole play; and this was the beginning of a correſpondence between theſe two perſons, which afterwards made a great noiſe. This accident was the occaſion of bringing Mr Wycherly into favour with George duke of Buckingham, who was paſſionately in love with that lady, but was ill-treated by her, and who believed that Wycherly was his happy rival. The duke had long ſollicited her, without obtaining any favour. Whether the relation between them

ſhocked

ſhocked her, for ſhe was his couſin-german; or, whether ſhe apprehended that an intrigue with a perſon of his rank and character, muſt neceſſarily in a ſhort time come to the king's ears; whatever was the cauſe, ſhe refuſed ſo long to admit his viſits, that at laſt indignation, rage, and diſdain took place of love; and he reſolved to ruin her. When he took this reſolution, he had her ſo narrowly watched by his ſpies, that he ſoon diſcovered thoſe whom he had reaſon to believe were his rivals; and after he knew them, he never failed to name them aloud, in order to expoſe the lady to all who viſited her; and among others, he took care not to forget Mr Wycherly. As ſoon as it came to the knowledge of the latter, who had all his expectations from court, he apprehended the conſequences of ſuch a report, if it ſhould reach the king; and applied himſelf therefore to Wilmot earl of Rocheſter, and Sir Charles Sedley, entreating them to remonſtrate to the duke of Buckingham, the miſchief he was about to do to one who had not the honour to know him, and who had not offended him. Upon opening the matter to the duke, he cried out immediately, that he did not blame Wycherly, he only accuſed his couſin. *Ay, but*, they reply'd, *by rendering him ſuſpected of ſuch an intrigue, you are about to ruin him; that is, your grace is about to ruin a man, whoſe converſation you would be pleaſed*

pleaſed with above all things.—Upon this occaſion, they ſaid ſo much of the ſhining qualities of Mr Wycherly, and the charms of his converſation, that the duke, who was as much in love with wit, as he was with his couſin, was impatient till he was brought to ſup with him, which was in two or three nights. After ſupper, Mr Wycherly, who was then in the height of his vigour both in body and mind, thought himſelf obliged to exert his talents, and the duke was charmed to that degree, that he cried out with tranſport, and with an oath, *My couſin's in the right of it*; and from that very moment made a friend of the man he before thought his rival.

The late duke of Queenſberry, when ſecretary of ſtate, made Mr Rowe ſecretary for public affairs; and when that nobleman came to know him well, he was never more delighted than when in his company. After the duke's death, all avenues were ſtopt to his preferment; and during the reſt of Q. Anne's reign, he paſſed his time with the muſes and his books, and ſometimes with the converſation of his friends. While he was thus without a patron, he went one day to pay his court to the earl of Oxford, lord-high-treaſurer of England, then at the head of the tory faction, who aſked him if he underſtood Spaniſh well? He anſwered, No; but

but imagining that his lordſhip might intend to ſend him into Spain on ſome honourable commiſſion, he preſently added, that in a ſhort time he did not doubt but he ſhould be able both to underſtand it, and ſpeak it. The earl approving of what he ſaid, Mr Rowe took his leave, and immediately retired out of town to a private country farm, where, within a few months, he learned the Spaniſh tongue, and then waited again on the earl to give him an account of his diligence. His lordſhip aſking him, if he was ſure he underſtood it thoroughly, and Mr Rowe anſwering in the affirmative, the earl burſt into an exclamation; *How happy are you, Mr Rowe, that you can enjoy the pleaſure of reading, and underſtanding Don Quixote in the original!* This wanton cruelty inflicted by his lordſhip, of raiſing expectations in the mind, that he never intended to gratify, needs only be told to excite indignation.

King Charles II. when at Bruſſels, being reſolved to ſee his ſiſter the princeſs of Orange, but as he was under a neceſſity to make the journey with the utmoſt ſecreſy, communicated his deſign to no perſon whatſoever. He ordered —— Fleming (a ſervant of the earl of Wigton) who was in his ſervice, and of whoſe fidelity he neither then nor ever after did doubt, ſecretly to provide a couple of good horſes. and have them

ready at a certain place and time of the next enſuing night; that Fleming ſhould there remain alone till he heard from the king. At the time appointed, the king (having gone to bed, and afterwards dreſſed himſelf, and privately gone out of a back-door, and leaving only a letter to ſome one of his ſervants in whom he confided, with an account of his having gone from home for a few days, and with directions to keep his abſence as ſecret as poſſible, under pretence of being indiſpoſed) came to the place; where he found Flemming with the horſes as he had directed. He then acquainted him of his deſign of going to the Hague; and not regarding the hazards he might be expoſed to, away he went with this ſlender equipage and attendance, travelling the moſt ſecret bye-ways, and contriving it ſo that he came to the Hague by ſix in the morning, and alighted at a ſcrub inn in a remote part of the town, where he was confident none would know him under the diſguiſe he was then in. He immediately ſent Fleming to acquaint his ſiſter where he was, and to leave it to her to contrive the way and manner of his having acceſs to her, ſo as not to be known. Fleming having diſpatched his commiſſion in leſs than an hour, was no ſooner returned to the king (finding him in the room where he had left him, and where he had been ſtill alone) than an unknown perſon came and aſked of the landlord, if

two Frenchmen had not alighted at his houſe that morning? The landlord replied, that indeed two men had come, but of what country he knew not. The ſtranger deſired him to tell him, he wanted to ſpeak to them; which he having done, the king was much ſurpriſed, but withal inclined to ſee the perſon. Fleming oppoſed it; but the king being poſitive, he was introduced, being an old reverend-like man, with a long beard and ordinary grey cloaths; who looking and ſpeaking to the perſon of the king, told him, he was the perſon he wanted to ſpeak to, and that alone, on matters of importance. The king believing it might perhaps be a return from his ſiſter, or being curious to know the reſult of ſuch an adventure, deſired Fleming to withdraw; which he refuſed, till the king taking him aſide, told him, there could be no hazard from ſuch an old man, for whom he was too much, and commanded him to retire. They were no ſooner alone, than the ſtranger bolted the door, (which brought the king to think on what might or would happen) and at the ſame time falling upon his knees, pulled off his very nice and artificial maſk, and diſcovered himſelf to be Mr Downing, (afterwards well known by the name of Sir George, and ambaſſador from the king to the States, after his reſtoration) then envoy or ambaſſador from Cromwell to the States, being the ſon of one Downing an independent

ent miniſter, who attended ſome of the parliament-men that were once ſent to Scotland to treat with the Scots to join againſt the king, and who was a very active, virulent enemy to the royal family. The king you may eaſily imagine, was not a little ſurpriſed at the diſcovery. But Downing gave him no time for reflection, having immediately ſpoke to him in the following manner: *That he humbly begged his majeſty's pardon for any ſhare or part he had acted during the rebellion againſt his royal intereſt; and aſſured him, that tho' he was juſt now in the ſervice of the Uſurper, he wiſhed him as well as any of his ſubjects; and would, when an occaſion offered, venture all for his ſervice; and hoped, what he was to ſay would convince his majeſty of his ſincerity: but before he mentioned the cauſe of his coming to him, he muſt inſiſt that he would ſolemnly promiſe to him not to mention what had happened, and was going to ſay, to Fleming, or to any other perſon whatſoever, until it pleaſed God his majeſty was reſtored to his crowns, when he ſhould not have reaſon to deſire it concealed; tho' even then he muſt have his majeſty's promiſe, never to aſk or expect he ſhould diſcover how or when he came to know of his being there.*—The king having ſolemnly engaged in the terms required, Downing proceeded, and told, that his maſter, the Uſurper, being now at peace with the Dutch, and the States ſo dependant and obſe-

obſequious to him that they refuſed nothing he required, had with the greateſt ſecreſy, in order to make it more effectual, entered into a treaty, by which among other trifling matters agreed to *hinc inde*, the chief and indeed main end of the negociation was, that the States ſtood engaged to ſeize and deliver up to the Uſurper the perſon of his majeſty, if ſo be at any time he ſhould happen, by chance or deſign, to come within their territories, when required thereto by any in his name;——and that this treaty, having been ſigned by the States, was ſent to London, from whence it had returned but yeſterday-morning, and totally finiſh'd yeſternight betwixt him and a private committee of the States. He repreſented his maſter's intelligence to be ſo good, that a diſcovery would be made even to himſelf (Downing) of his majeſty's being there; and if he neglected to apply to have him ſeized, his maſter would reſent it to the higheſt, which would infallibly coſt him his head, and deprive his majeſty of a faithful ſervant. And being deſirous to prevent the miſerable conſequences of what would follow, if his being here was diſcovered, he reſolved to communicate the danger he was in, and for fear of a future diſcovery he had diſguiſed himſelf, being reſolved to truſt no perſon with the ſecret. He then propoſed that his majeſty would immediately mount his horſes, and make all the

diſpatch imaginable out of the States territories. That he himſelf would return home, and under pretence of ſickneſs, lie longer in bed than uſual; and that when he thought his majeſty was ſo far off, as to be out of danger to be overtaken, he would go to the States and acquaint them that he underſtood his majeſty was in town, and require his being ſeized, by the terms of the late treaty. That he knew they would comply, and ſend to the place directed; but on finding that his majeſty was gone off ſo far as to be ſafe he would propoſe no farther noiſe about it, leſt it ſhould diſcover the treaty, and prevent his majeſty's afterwards falling into their hands. The king immediately followed his advice; and he returning home, every thing was acted and happened, as he propoſed and foretold.—The king having thus eſcaped this imminent danger, moſt religiouſly performed what he had promiſed, never mentioning any part of this ſtory, till after his reſtauration, and not then deſiring to know how Downing's intelligence came, (which he never diſcovered) tho' he (the king) often ſaid it was a myſtery, for no perſon knew of his deſign till he was on horſeback, and that he could not think Fleming went and diſcovered him to Downing. Beſides, he ſo ſoon returned from his ſiſter, he could not have time, Downing having come much about the time Fleming returned.

This

This ſtory was told by ſeveral who frequented king Charles's court after the reſtauration; particularly by the earl of Cromartie, who ſaid, that next year after the reſtauration, he, with the duke of Rothes and ſeveral other Scots quality, being one night with the king over a bottle, they all complained of an impertinent ſpeech Downing had made in parliament, reflecting on the Scots nation, which they thought his majeſty ſhould reſent ſo as to diſcard him from court, and withdraw his favours from him. The king replied, he did not approve what he ſaid, and would reprove him for it; but to go farther he could not well do, becauſe of this ſtory, which he reported in the terms before narrated; which had ſuch an effect on the company then preſent, that they forgave what Downing had ſaid, and the duke of Rothes deſired that they might drink his health in a bumper.

The Hiſtories of England being altogether ſilent as to any diſcovery of the executioner who gave the fatal blow to the decollation of king Charles I. the following account (undoubtedly true) can not be unacceptable to the public.——Richard Brandon, common executioner or hangman at that time, died upon Wedneſday, June 20, 1649, (within five months after the king's martyrdom.) The Sunday before he died, a young man of his

his acquaintance being to viſit him, aſk'd him how he did, *and whether he was not troubled in conſcience for cutting off the king's head?* Brandon reply'd, Yes; becauſe he was at the king's trial, and heard the ſentence denounced againſt him; which cauſed him to make this ſolemn vow and proteſtation, viz. *wiſhing God to periſh his body and ſoul, if ever he appeared on the ſcaffold to do the act or lift up his hand againſt him.* And he farther declared, that he was no ſooner enter'd upon the ſcaffold, to do that wicked act, but immediately he fell a trembling, and hath, ever ſince, to his death continued in the like agony. He likewiſe confeſſed that he had 30l. for his pains, paid him in half-crowns, within an hour after the blow was ſtruck; and that he had an orange ſtuck full of cloves, and an handkerchief out of the king's pocket. As ſoon as he was carried off from the ſcaffold, he was offer'd twenty ſhillings for that orange by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refus'd the ſame, but afterwards ſold it for ten ſhillings in Roſemary-lane. About ſix o' clock that night he return'd home to his wife living in Roſemary-lane, and gave her the money, ſaying, *it was the deareſt money that ever he earn'd in his life*; which prophetical words were ſoon made manifeſt. About three days before he died, he lay ſpeechleſs, uttering many a ſigh and heavy groan, and in a moſt deplorable manner departed

parted from his bed of ſorrow For his burial great ſtore of wine was ſent in by the ſheriff of the city of London, and a great multitude of people ſtood waiting to ſee his corps carried to the church-yard, ſome crying out, *Hang him, rogue*; *bury him in a dunghill*; others preſſing upon him, ſaying, *they would quarter him for executing the king*; inſomuch that the church-wardens and maſters of the pariſh were fain to come to ſuppreſs them; and with great difficulty he was at laſt carried to White-chapel church-yard, having a bunch of roſemary at each end of the coffin, and on the top thereof, with a rope tied acroſs from one end to the other.—The man that waited upon this executioner, when he gave the fatal blow, was a ragman in Roſemary-lane.

The preſent duke of B—df—d, who in the country has been as greatly extolled for his noble and generous acts of beneficence, as in town he has been cenſured for a frugality which has been thought unſuitable to his immenſe eſtate, was once walking with a book in his hand which he had been reading, and having been attentive to his ſubject, had rambled farther from home than uſual; he was dreſſed exceeding plain, and was looking about him, in order, as is ſuppoſed, to ſee where he was, and to return home, when he obſerved a woman ſtanding in the corner of a field,

field, wringing her hands, and expreſſing by her actions, ſigns of the deepeſt diſtreſs. The duke was moved, and going into the field, deſired her to dry up her tears and tell him the cauſe of her affliction, promiſing at the ſame time to do her all the ſervice in his power. The woman told him, that ſhe and her family were ruined. That ſhe had a huſband who was ſick, and ſeveral ſmall children, but being behindhand with their rent, the duke of B—df—d's ſteward had ſeized all they had, and that ſhe was come into that field to look at her poor cows that had been taken from her, and which ſhe ſhould never ſee again. His Grace, at this melancholy tale deſired her to be comforted, told her that he knew the duke to be a good-natured man, bid her drive the cows home, and offered to go and ſet open the gate: but at this requeſt ſhe burſt again into tears, and refuſed to meddle with the cows, alledging that as they were no longer her huſband's, if ſhe drove them home ſhe ſhould be looked on as a thief, and, for what ſhe knew, ſhe might be hanged. The duke, who from the firſt had been greatly affected, could not help yielding to her reaſons, and giving her money, deſired her to take courage, telling her that he heartily pitied her, and would take the liberty to recommend her and her family to the duke of B—df—d, and deſired her to go the next day to W—n—bbey, and ask for John R—ſſ—ll, when

when he would introduce her and ſpeak in her behalf. This the good woman promiſed, and having returned him thanks, they parted. The next day ſhe dreſſed herſelf in her beſt cloaths, went as ſhe was ordered, and having aſked for John R—ſſ—ll, was immediately led into a room, and told that Mr. R—ſſ—ll would be with her preſently. At laſt ſome gentlemen entered the room, all of whom were richly dreſſed, when recollecting the features of him who had talked with her the day before, whom ſhe imagined to be the duke himſelf, ſhe was ready to faint with ſurpriſe and fear, when his Grace walking up to her, recovered her ſpirits by aſſuring her, that ſhe had no cauſe to be afflicted; and inſtantly calling his ſteward, bid him write her a receipt in full, and ſee that every thing that had been taken from her huſband was returned to him again. The receipt was preſently brought and put into her hands, when his Grace ſaying that he had inquired into her huſband's character, and had heard that he was an honeſt man, and had been long his tenant, added to his former bounty by giving her thirty guineas, and then bid her go home and rejoice with her family.

The late Prince of Wales, who amongſt his other great qualities, was the patron of merit and the friend of mankind, was frequently viſited by perſons of diſtinguiſhed abilities, with

with whom he contracted a ſtrict intimacy; among theſe, Mr. Gl—v—r, who is as juſtly celebrated for the amiableneſs of his character as for the qualifications of an Orator and a Poet, had a conſiderable ſhare in his eſteem. One day the Prince obſerved at his levy, that he had not ſeen this gentleman for ſome time, and aſking if he was well, was told that Mr. Gl—v—r was under difficulties on account of ſome loſſes in trade, which had ſo diſcouraged him that he was aſhamed to appear in his Highneſs's preſence. The Prince replied, *I am ſorry for it*; and preſenting a bank-note for five hundred pounds to a gentleman preſent, he added, *Carry this to Mr. Gl—v—r as a ſmall teſtimony of my affection, and aſſure him from me, that I ſympathize in his affliction, and ſhall be always glad to ſee him.*

Some years ago, one of the ſons of G——n a famous Jew, was on the point of being married to a Chriſtian; on which the father, who had no objection to the religion of the lady, but to the ſmallneſs of her fortune, expoſtulated with his ſon, and told him, that he might have a lady with more money; but the ſon vindicating his choice, replied, that whether he would conſent or not, he would marry the lady, and if he refuſed to give him a proper ſhare of wealth, he would turn Chriſtian, and then he ſhould claim the benefit of an Engliſh law, and obtain half he poſſeſſed.

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At this answer G———n was greatly confounded, and resolved to apply to counsel to know whether there was any such law; the counsellor replied, that there was, and that his son upon turning Christian would obtain half his fortune; *but if you'll make me a present of ten guineas*, added he, *I'll put you in a way to disappoint him, and the graceless dog shall not be able to obtain a farthing.* At this news G——n's hopes revived, and pulling ten guineas out of his pocket, instantly clapped them into the lawyer's hand, expressing his impatience to know how he was to proceed; when the counsellor returned with a smile, *You have nothing to do, Mr.* G——n, *but to turn Christian yourself.*

Sir John Trevor, who for some misdemeanors had been expelled from parliament, one day meeting archbishop Tillotson, cry'd, *I hate to see an atheist in the shape of a churchman.*——*And I*, replied the good bishop, *hate to see a* knave *in any shape.*

Dr. Andrews, bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Neal, bishop of Durham, dining with K. James I. his majesty said to the bishops, *My lords, cannot I take my subjects money when I want it, without all this formality in parliament?* Upon which, the bishop of Durham readily answered, *God forbid, Sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils.* On

which, the king turning to the biſhop of Wincheſter, ſaid, *Well, my lord, what ſay you?*——*Sir*, replied the biſhop, *I have no ſkill to judge of parliamentary caſes.* The king anſwered, *No put offs, my lord, anſwer me pertinently.*——*Then, Sir*, ſaid he, *I think it's lawful for you to take my brother Neal's money, for he offers it.*

Mr. Waller, having reſolved to marry his favourite daughter to Dr. Birch, K. James II. was prevailed with to endeavour to hinder it, and for that purpoſe ordered a French gentleman of quality to tell him, that the king wondered he could have any thoughts of marrying his daughter to a Falling Church. He made anſwer, *Sir, the king does me very great honour to take any notice of my domeſtic affairs; but I have lived long enough to obſerve, that this falling church has got a trick of riſing again.*

The preſent biſhop of Soiſſons in France, who valued himſelf on the politeneſs of his addreſs, and was remarkable for having never uttered a rude expreſſion, was lately, by an indiſcretion, guilty of a piece of rudeneſs, ſufficient to make his good-breeding be called in queſtion; and which ſhews the precaution that is neceſſary to be uſed in ſpeaking to ſtrangers. This prelate was at court, where obſerving a lady who was extremely corpu-

lent

lent talking to the queen, and at the other end of the room a very genteel youth of a promiſing appearance, both of whom were utter ſtrangers to him, he addreſſed himſelf to the young gentleman, and with a ſoft, inſinuating air, after ſome compliments, aſked him, if he knew who that Fat Sow was, who was in diſcourſe with her majeſty? *Yes, my lord*, replied the youth, with great modeſty; *that Fat Sow is the ambaſſadreſs of Sweden, and mother to the little pig who has the honour to ſpeak to your lordſhip.* At this anſwer the biſhop was ſtruck with confuſion, humbly begged pardon, adding, that he could not help feeling the greateſt eſteem for a perſon who had with ſuch mildneſs rebuked him for his brutality.

When the army of Lewis XIV. of France was encamped in Flanders during his war with the Confederates, the king uſed ſome time to reſide at the head quarters himſelf. It happened, that a very fine horſe which he had lately purchaſed, was exerciſed before his tent, and among others who had gathered round to ſee him, was a corporal, who having been that afternoon too free with Aqua Vitæ, was become as great a man as his majeſty. He had ſtrolled up to the ſpot, and getting within the circle, put himſelf into an attitude of conſequence, and after having ſome time made his obſervations with the air

of a profound connoiſſeur, he thruſts a quid of tobacco into his mouth, and ſwore it was as fine a creature as ever he ſaw, and as well broke; then tottering up to the groom who had been riding it, and was juſt diſmounted, aſked him who was the owner: at this moment the king came out from his tent, and overhearing the corporal's queſtion, with whom he had already been diverted, told him courteouſly, that the horſe was his: the corporal made his majeſty a ſlight compliment by moving his hat, and then ſetting his arms akimbo, told him, that his reaſon for aſking was, that he had taken a liking to the horſe and was inclined to buy it. The king ſaid, he had no intention to ſell it, but if it would oblige him he would treat with him on the ſame ſpot the next morning. The corporal, thruſting out his hand, cried, *a match*; to which the king conſented, and rode off, giving private order that no puniſhment ſhould be inflicted upon the corporal, but that he ſhould be brought before him the next morning. In the morning, when the poor fellow was told what had paſſed, and conducted to the king's tent, he was ſeized with a dreadful pannic, leſt his inſolence and drunkenneſs might coſt him his life. Into the preſence, however, he was carried; and the king, who intended only ſome ſport, aſked him, if he was the man that would laſt night have bought his horſe? *No, and pleaſe yeur ma-*

jeſty,

jeſty, ſays the fellow, *that man went away at three o' clock this morning*. *Did he ſo*, ſaid the king, (who underſtood that at three o' clock ſleep had ſubſtituted a ſober man for one that was drunk) *I am very glad that I have got ſo ſenſible and decent a perſon as you are in his ſtead, and I hope he will never come back; for if I ſee him, I ſhall certainly reſent his behaviour*. So, the corporal was diſmiſſed without further reprehenſion.

The father to the late earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always perſiſted inflexibly in his own opinion, which as well as his conduct was often very ſingular, thought of an expedient to prevent the remonſtrances and expoſtulations of thoſe about him: this expedient was, to feign himſelf deaf; and under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his anſwer not by what was really ſaid to him, but by what he deſired to have ſaid. Among other ſervants was one who had lived with him from a child, and ſerved him with great fidelity and affection in ſeveral capacities, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got an habit of drinking, for which his lady often deſired that he might be diſmiſſed. My lord always anſwered, *Yes indeed, John is an excellent ſervant*. I ſay, replies the lady, that he's continually drunk, and deſire he may be turned off. *Aye*, ſaid his

lordſhip, *he has lived with me from a child, and as you ſay, a trifle of wages ſhould not part us.* John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kenſington, overturned his lady in Hyde-Park; ſhe was not much hurt, but when ſhe came home ſhe began to rattle the earl; Here, ſays ſhe, is that beaſt John ſo drunk that he can ſcarce ſtand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not diſcharged may break our necks. *Aye*, ſays my lord, *is poor John ſick? alas, I am ſorry for him.* I am complaining, ſays my lady, that he is drunk, and has overturned me. *Aye*, ſaid my lord, *to be ſure he has behaved very well, and ſhall have proper advice.* My lady, finding it hopeleſs to remonſtrate, went away in a pet; and my lord having ordered John into his preſence, addreſſed him very coolly in theſe terms. *John, you know that I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well you ſhall always be taken care of in my family; my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I can ſee that you can hardly ſtand; go to bed, and I will ſee that you have proper advice.* John being thus diſmiſſed, was carried to bed, where by his lordſhip's order, who attended in perſon, a large bliſter was put upon his head, another between his ſhoulders, and ſixteen ounces of blood were taken from his arm. John found himſelf the next morning in a woful condition, and was ſoon acquainted with the whole proceſs, and the reaſons upon which

which it had been commenced. John had no remedy but to ſubmit, for he would rather have incurred as many more bliſters than have loſt his place. My lord ſent very formally twice a day to know how he did, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only with water-gruel, and to have no company but an old woman whom he had ordered to attend him as a nurſe. In about a week, John having conſtantly ſent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to underſtand the meſſenger, and ſaid, *He was extremely glad to hear that the fever had quite left him, and deſired to ſee him.* When John came in, *Well, John,* ſays he, *I hope this bout is over.* *Ah, my lord,* ſays John, *I humbly aſk your lordſhip's pardon, and I promiſe never to commit the ſame fault again.* *Aye, aye,* ſays my lord, *you ſay right, no body can prevent ſickneſs, and if you ſhould be ſick again, John, I ſhall ſee it, tho' perhaps you would not complain, and I promiſe you that you ſhall always have the ſame advice and the ſame attendance that you have had now.* *God bleſs your lordſhip,* ſays John, *I hope there will be no need.* *So do I too,* ſays my lord, *but as long as you do your duty to me, John, I will do mine to you, never fear.* John then withdrew, and ſo dreaded the diſcipline he had ſuffered, that he never was known to be drunk afterwards.

Admiral

Admiral Bembow, who had been advanced purely for his merit, was equally remarkable for his humanity, and for the jeſts that he made, without any deſign of merriment, or any pretenſions to wit. It happened that when he ſerved as a common ſailor, his meſs-mate who was attending the ſame gun, which was one of the upper tier, loſt his leg by a cannon-ſhot: the poor fellow inſtantly called out to his friend Bembow, and intreated that he might be carried down to the ſurgeon, for that he had loſt his leg. Bembow, with the help of another immediately took him up on his ſhoulders, and began with great care to deſcend with him into the hold; but it happened that juſt as the poor fellow's head came upon a level with the deck, another ball took away that too; Bembow, however, who knew nothing of the matter, continued to deſcend to the ſurgeon, and when he was almoſt at bottom, called out that he had brought him a patient, and deſired that he would bear a hand that they might ſet him eaſily down. The ſurgeon turned about, but inſtead of giving Bembow any aſſiſtance, *Damn ye*, ſays he, *what do ye here with a man that has loſt his head? Loſt his head!* ſays Bembo; *a lying ſon of a bitch, he told me it was his leg; but I never believed what he ſaid in my life, without being ſorry for it afterwards.*

Sir

Sir Charles Wager, as is common with perſons who have great perſonal courage, and but little learning, had a ſovereign contempt of phyſicians; tho' a ſurgeon, he believed, in ſome caſes, might be of good ſervice. It happened that Sir Charles was ſeized with a fever while he was out upon a cruize; and the ſurgeon without much difficulty prevailed upon him to loſe a little blood, and ſuffer a bliſter to be laid on his back; by-and-by it was thought neceſſary to lay on another bliſter and repeat the bleeding, to which Sir Charles alſo conſented; the ſymptoms then abated, and the ſurgeon told him, that he muſt now ſwallow a few bolus's and take a draught: *No, doctor*, ſays Sir Charles, *you ſhall batter my Hulk as long as you will, but, d—n you, you ſhan't board me.*

Lun, the famous harlequin, uſed frequently to ſup at Jerry Lucas's, the Sun-Tavern in Clare-Market, which has a door in one ſtreet and windows in another. One night, after the entertainment, he had got into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun: it happened that as the fellow was driving by the window, Lun perceived it to be open, and threw himſelf out of the coach into the room; the coachman having turned the corner drove up to the houſe, and getting from his box, opened the coach-door and let down the ſtep; then taking off his hat, he waited

waited ſome time expecting his fare to alight, but at laſt looking into his coach and ſeeing it empty, he beſtowed a few hearty curſes on the raſcal that had bilked him, and remounting his box, turned about and was driving the ſame way back: as he paſſed again by the window, Lun watched the opportunity and again threw himſelf into the coach; he then looked out and calling to the coachman, aſked where the devil he was going, and bid him turn about. The fellow got down, and looked into the coach upon Lun with great amazement, and then as he was ordered, turned about and came once more to the Sun-Tavern door. When Lun got out, after reproaching the fellow for his ſtupidity, he would have given him his fare; *No, God bleſs your honour*, ſays the man, *my maſter has ordered me to take no money to-night. Why then*, ſays Lun, *he's a fool, and here's a ſhilling for yourſelf. No*, ſays the man, who by this time mounted his coach-box, *that won't do, I know you too well for all your ſhoes; and ſo Mr Devil, for once you are outwitted.*

Lord chief-juſtice Holt, who had been very wild in his youth, was once out with ſome of his raking companions on a journey into the country; they had ſpent all their money, and after many conſultations what to do, it was reſolved that they ſhould part company, and try their fortune ſeparately. Holt got to an inn

inn at the end of a ſtraggling village, and putting a good face on the matter, ordered his horſe to be well taken care of, called for a room, beſpoke a ſupper, and looked after his bed. He then ſtrolled into the kitchen, where he ſaw a young laſs about thirteen years old ſhivering with an ague; he enquired of his landlady, a widow, who the girl was, and how long ſhe had been ill; the good woman told him, that ſhe was her daughter, an only child, and that ſhe had been ill near a year, notwithſtanding all the aſſiſtance ſhe could procure from phyſic, at an expence which had almoſt ruined her. He ſhook his head at the doctors, and bad the woman be under no farther concern, for that her daughter ſhould never have another fit. He then wrote a few unintelligible words in court-hand on a ſcrap of parchment which had been the directions to an hamper, and rolling it up, ordered that it ſhould be bound upon the girl's wriſt, and remain there till ſhe was well. As it happened, the ague returned no more, and Holt having continued there a week, now called for his bill with as much courage as if his pockets had been filled with gold. *Ah! God bleſs you*, ſays the old woman, *you're nothing in my debt, I'm ſure; I wiſh I was able to pay you for the cure you have performed upon my daughter, and if I had had the happineſs to ſee you ten months ago, it would have ſaved me forty pounds in my pocket.* Holt, after ſome alter-

altercation, accepted of his week's accommodation as a gratuity, and rode away.

It happened that many years afterwards, when he was one of the judges of the king's-bench, he went a circuit into the ſame county, and among other criminals whom he was appointed to try, there was an old woman that was charged with witchcraft: to ſupport this charge, ſeveral witneſſes ſwore that ſhe had a ſpell with which ſhe could either cure ſuch cattle as were ſick, or deſtroy thoſe that were well; in the uſe of this ſpell they ſaid ſhe had been lately detected, and it having been ſeized upon her, was ready to be produced in court; the judge then deſired it might be handed up to him: it appeared to be a dirty ball, covered with rags, and bound many times round with packthread; theſe coverings he removed with great deliberation one after another, and at laſt found a piece of parchment, which he knew to be the ſame that he had uſed as an expedient to ſupply his want of money. At the recollection of this incident he changed colour and ſate ſilent: at length recollecting himſelf, he addreſſed the jury to this effect; "Gentlemen, I muſt now relate a particular of my life which very ill ſuits my preſent character, and the ſtation in which I ſit: but to conceal it would be to aggravate the folly for which I ought to atone, to endanger innocence and countenance

ſuper-

ſuperſtition; this bauble, which you ſuppoſe to have the power of life and death, is a ſenſeleſs ſcrawle which I wrote with my own hand, and gave to this woman, whom for no other cauſe you accuſe as a witch." He then related the particular circumſtances of the tranſaction, and it had ſuch an effect upon the minds of the people, who now bluſhed at the folly and the cruelty of their zeal, that judge Holt's landlady was the laſt perſon that ever was tried for witchcraft in that county.

It is related of the ſame magiſtrate, that being once upon the bench at the Old-Baily, a fellow was tried and convicted of a robbery on the high-way, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. He was moved by that curioſity which is natural upon a retroſpection on paſt life, to know the fortune of the cotemporaries with whom he was once aſſociated, and of whom he had known nothing for many years; he therefore aſked the fellow what was become of Tom ſuch-a one, and Will ſuch-a-one, and the reſt of the knot to which they belonged. The fellow fetching a deep ſigh, and making a low bow, *Ah! my lord*, ſaid he, *they are all hang'd but your lordſhip and I.*

Dean Swift, among other whimſies, took it into his head to have a feaſt once a year in imitation of the Saturnalia, which in Heathen

Rome was held about the time of our Chriſtmas, at which the ſervants perſonated their maſters, and the maſters waited upon them as ſervants. In this project he engaged ſeveral other perſons of taſte, and it was firſt put in execution at the Deanery-houſe. When all the ſervants were ſeated, and every gentleman placed behind his own man; the dean's ſervant took an opportunity to find fault with ſome meat that was not done to his taſte, and taking it up in his hand threw it in his maſter's face, and mimicked him in every other foible which he had ever diſcovered in him. But the dean, whether he was mortified by the reproof, or provoked by the indignity, flew into a violent rage, beat the fellow, and put every thing into ſuch diſorder that the ſervants ran out of the room in a fright; and thus ended the dean's Saturnalia.

Doctor S—ge, ſoon after he had been conſecrated biſhop of * * * * in Ireland, deſired Mrs Pilkington to give his compliments to the dean of St Patrick's, and tell him, as he owed his preferment to his recommendation, he was ſurpriſed he had never ſeen him ſince: while I was plain Dr S—ge, ſays he, the dean uſed to ſend his wine and bread before him, and frequently take a dinner with me; but now I believe he is aſhamed to own me. Mrs Pilkington delivered the biſhop's meſſage, to which the dean liſtened with great atten-

tion,

tion, and then ſaid—*Oh! I remember ſomething of it: lord C——t applied to me for a perſon to make a biſhop of, whom I knew was not an honeſt man; and as I wanted the living of W——'s for D——y I recommended S—ge to the biſhoprick with an aſſurance that he would anſwer his excellency's purpoſe; and pox take me if I ever thought him worth my contempt till I had made a biſhop of him.*

The celebrated Mr P——, ſoon after he had changed ſides and began to exert his eloquence in favour of the miniſtry, complained to the honourable Mr * * * * of having received ſome coarſe indignities, and in particular, that a certain perſon had ſaid in his hearing that he was a *ſh-tt-n* fellow. *Aye*, ſays his honour (who ſtuttered very much) *that was a da---m'd impu---dent fellow, tho' to be ſure with reſ---pect to your pr--inciples you are* al--tur'd.

Lord Carteret, who when lieutenant of Ireland was very fond of Dr Delany, went one day quite unattended, and told the doctor he was come to dine with him. The doctor thanked his excellency for the honour, invited him to take a turn or two in his gardens, and then introduced him to his table, at which there was no other perſon but his mother, without making the leaſt apology for his entertainment. His excellency, after the

cloth was taken away, and the bottle introduced, told the doctor that he always believed him to be a moſt well-bred gentleman, but never had ſo clear a demonſtration of it as now. Others, ſaid he, upon whom I have tried the ſame experiment, have met me in as much confuſion as if I came to apprehend them for high-treaſon; nay, would not give me a moment of their converſation, which was the thing I wanted, but were continually hurrying away to give ſome directions about their dinner, which I did not want, and when it came, fatigued and diſguſted me by fulſome apologies for defects. This, ſaid his excellency, always brings to my mind a ſtory of dean Swift's. "A lady had given him an invitation to dinner, and as ſhe heard he was not eaſily pleaſed, ſhe had taken a month to provide for it. When the time came, every delicacy which could be purchaſed was prepared even to profuſion. However, the dean was ſcarce ſeated when ſhe began to make a ceremonious harangue, in which ſhe told him, that ſhe was ſincerely ſorry ſhe had not a more tolerable dinner, and that ſhe feared there was not any thing fit for him to eat, and in ſhort, that it was a bad dinner. *Pox take you for a B—*, ſays the dean, *why did not you get a better? ſure, you had time enough! but ſince you ſay it is ſo bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring.* So, riſing from the table, he took his hat and departed, to the utter con-

confuſion of the lady, whoſe folly was perhaps too ſeverely puniſhed.

Mrs Percival, with a company of very agreeable perſons, reſolved to take a trip to the Hague; and during the firſt day's journey after they landed, they ſtopped at an inn to dine, and enquired what they could have to eat; they were told that there was nothing in the houſe but a neck of veal. This, tho' it was not ſufficient to dine the company, they ordered to be dreſſed, and made up their meal with ſome of their ſea-proviſions which the ſervants had fortunately brought in, chuſing this rather than to go forward, as there was no other houſe of entertainment for many miles. After dinner they called for a bill, and among other articles, they were charged one pound four ſhillings for meat. This was ſo great an impoſition, that the company, though they were not deficient either in fortune or liberality, refuſed to pay it. Upon this the landlord appeared, and after ſome altercation, they told him, that as they were only upon a party of pleaſure, they would rather ſtay there a month and ſpend an hundred pounds apiece in law than ſuffer themſelves to be ſo groſly impoſed upon. The man again aſſured them with great compoſure, that he had charged them no more than was cuſtomary in that place; and if they queſtioned it, he was as willing to appeal to

a magiſtrate as they were. The parties having thus joined iſſue, the gueſts were preparing for a ſerious trial, and began to enquire how far they were to go. Mynheer then told them with a ſneer, *that the matter ſhould be immediately decided on the ſpot, for that he was himſelf the ſovereign diſpenſer of law in that place.* The company, after they had ſufficiently ſtared at him, and at each other, found this to be indeed the fact, and ſo paid the honeſt inn-keeper and judge his demand, without incurring any coſts of ſuit.

Mrs Pilkington remarks, that the munificence of our nobility is obſcured and diſappointed by the inſolence and avarice of their ſervants; and upon this occaſion has computed the expence of writing to a great man, as follows;

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
For pen, ink and paper, ——	0	0	1
For a perſon to find when his lordſhip is at home, - -	0	1	0
To the porter for receiving your letter, and giving it to the valet, —— ——	0	10	6
To the valet who delivers it,——	1	1	0
To the footman who brings the anſwer,—— ——	0	5	0
Total,——	1	17	7

Dean

Dean Swift, on the contrary, once diſcharged a ſervant for rejecting the petition of a poor old woman: ſhe was very ancient, and on a cold morning ſat at the Deanery ſteps a conſiderable time, during which the dean ſaw her through a window, and commiſerated her deſolate condition. His footman happened to go to the door, and the poor creature beſought him in a piteous tone to give that paper to his reverence. The fellow read it, and told her with great inſolence, that his maſter had ſomething elſe to do than mind her petition. *What's that you ſay, fellow?* ſaid the dean, looking out at the window; *come up here.* The man obeyed with great confuſion; and he then deſired the poor woman alſo to come before him, made her ſit down, and ordered her ſome bread and wine; then turning to the man, *At what time,* ſaid he, *did I order you to open a paper directed to me? or to refuſe a letter, whoever brought it? Hark ye, ſirrah, you have been admoniſhed by me for drunkenneſs, idling, and other faults, but ſince I have diſcovered that you want humanity, I muſt diſmiſs you from my ſervice; ſo, put off your cloaths, take your wages, and let me hear no more of you.* The fellow obeyed, and having in vain ſollicited a recommendation, he was obliged to go to ſea, where he continued five years. At the end of that time, finding his ſituation on ſhipboard very different from the eaſe and luxury of his fomer employment,

ment, he again applied to the dean for a recommendation to ſome ſervice, ſetting forth in a petition the hardſhips he had ſuffered, and confeſſing the faults of which he had been guilty. The dean then called for pen, ink and paper, and gave him the following billet,

> Whereas the bearer———— ſerved me the ſpace of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard, I then diſcharged him as ſuch; but how far his having been five years at ſea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of thoſe who may hereafter employ him.
>
> J. Swift.

Deanery-Houſe,
Jan. 9, 1739.

With this paper and no other fortune he ſet out for London, where he applied to Mr Pope, who knowing the dean's hand, and having obtained a certificate that the bearer was the perſon mentioned in the paper, took him into his ſervice, in which he continued till the death of his maſter.

The counteſs of Eglington, one of the greateſt beauties in Scotland, fell under the diſpleaſure of her lord for no other cauſe than that of having brought him ſeven daughters, and no ſon. His lordſhip went ſo far as to aſſure her, he was determined to ſue for a diverce.

divorce. The lady replied, he need not do that, for ſhe would readily agree to a ſeparation provided he would give her back what he had with her. He, ſuppoſing ſhe meant only pecuniary affairs, aſſured her, ſhe ſhould have her fortune to the laſt penny. *Nay, nay, my lord*, ſays ſhe, *that winna do ; return me my youth, beauty, and virginity, and diſmiſs me as ſoon as you pleaſe.* His lordſhip being unable to comply with this demand, ſpoke no more of parting with his lady, and before the year was out, ſhe brought him a ſon, who eſtabliſhed the content and affection of his parents for each other.

A certain Iriſh dean (not the celebrated dean of St Patrick's) having once aſcended the pulpit of St Andrew's, and ſuddenly recollecting the enormous iniquities of the congregation, he gave ſo furious a toſs with his head that back fell his wig and down flew his ſermon, which not being well ſecured, fluttered in numerous leaves about the church, ſcattered like the ungodly as chaff before the wind: the ſleepers awoke, the old men who dreamed dreams, and the virgins who ſaw viſions, ſtarted from the downy trance ; and he, being unable to proceed, but willing at leaſt to give them his benediction, after he had cried out aloud, *Depart ye curſed into everlaſting fire*, he immediately added, *which that ye may all do*, &c.

It is ſaid of dean Swift, that the laſt ſparkle of his wit, when he was ſinking into idiocy, was on the following occaſion. Mr Handel, who was then about to quit Ireland, went to take leave of him. The ſervant was ſome time before he could make the dean underſtand him; which when he did, immediately cried out, *Prodigious! a German and a Genius! admit him, admit him.*

The wife of a lieutenant-colonel who was ſtationed near Edinburgh, being viſited by the miniſter's wife, was earneſtly intreated to come to kirk. This, the lady promiſed to do, and kept her word, which produced a ſecond viſit; and the miniſter's wife then aſking how ſhe liked their way of worſhip, ſhe replied, Very well, but that having dirtied her cloaths, and been peſtered with a great number of fleas, ſhe hoped the miniſter would permit her to line the pew. Said her gueſt, *In troth, madam, I cannot promiſe that, for my huſband will think it rank popery.*

A foreigner who was juſt arrived in Scotland, ordered a fowl for his dinner; but ſhewing great diſlike to it when it was placed upon the table, the landlord brought him a piece of freſh ſalmon, and ſaid, Sir, I perceive you do not like the fowl, pray what think you of this? *Think*, ſays the gueſt; *why I think it is very fine ſalmon; and no wonder, for it is of*

God

God Almighty's feeding, but if it had been fed by you, I ſuppoſe it would have been as lean as this poor fowl, which I deſire you will take away.

The Scots, among other maxims of frugality, ſay, that if butter has no hairs in it, the cow that gave the milk will not thrive; and an Engliſhman having ſome brought to him in which he obſerved a great number, deſired his landlady to bring him the butter upon one plate and the hairs upon another, that he might mix them himſelf; for he thought, in the piece he had already, the proportion of hair was rather too much.

Some frauds which had been practiſed in Scotland by the connivance of the collector of the cuſtoms, were made the pretence to procure the appointment of an inſpector-general, at the ſalary of 200l. per annum; the application was made by a member of parliament, who had been, according to the cant and phraſe, a *good boy*, for many years, and never aſked for any thing. The miniſter, at firſt, objected, that creating a new place always produced a clamour, and that the man for whom it was intended had been formerly condemned to be hanged for perjury. The gentleman acknowledged the facts to be true; but, *Sir*, ſaid he, *the laird is familiar with the*

the man's wife. *Nay, then,* ſays the miniſter, *he muſt have it.*

A preſbyterian preacher who was explaining to his congregation the great benefits ariſing from the Sabbath, told them that among other excellencies of their inſtitution, was the proper choice of the day. The Jews, ſays he, kept it on the ſeventh; but we keep it on the firſt; and if it were on any other, *it would make a broken week.*

A gentleman once aſked Lilly, the aſtrologer, how he thought any man of *good ſenſe* would buy his predictions. Pray, Sir, ſays Lilly, what proportion do you think the men of good ſenſe bear to the reſt of mankind? Oh! ſays the other, not above one to twenty. *Why, if ſo,* replied Lilly, *let the* nineteen *buy my prophecies, and then* (ſnapping his fingers) *that! for your* one *man of* good ſenſe.

At the famous trial at Hertford, when a poor woman was brought in guilty of witchcraft by an ignorant and obſtinate jury, the judge expreſſed ſome diſſatisfaction at the verdict; the parſon of the pariſh therefore declared, that upon the faith of a clergyman, he believed the woman to be a *witch.* Why then, ſaid the magiſtrate, upon the faith of a judge, I believe you to be no *conjurer.*

When the new road was making in the north of Scotland, an officer who had the direction of part of the work, having cauſed a very large ſtone to be removed, he employed a ſoldier who was a maſon by trade, to inſcribe it with the date of the year, the king's reign, and the name of the director, in Latin. It happened that another officer, who had alſo the direction of another part of the work, cauſed a ſtone to be removed which he thought yet bigger, and was very deſirous to emulate his aſſociate's attempt for fame by inſcribing it; he therefore applied to an officer who had written ſeveral little pieces of poetry, to aſſiſt him with the words. This gentleman, who had often heard his friend boaſt of the feat, in the firſt perſon, "I raiſed a larger ſtone than he," told him he would ſatisfy him in Engliſh, which would be much more read than his competitor's Latin; and immediately wrote down

Hibern alone
Rais'd up this ſtone,
O! hone; O! hone.

This, however, the Hibernian reſented with ſome warmth, alledging, that tho' others were employed about the ſtone, yet it was he that raiſed it with their *head*, and they only uſed his *hands*.

A Frenchman of ſome diſtinction, ſoon after his arrival in London, taking notice of much dirt and many diſorders in the ſtreets, aſked often about the Police, and finding none that underſtood the term, he cried out, *Good Lord! how can one expect order among theſe people, who have not ſuch a word as Police in their language.*

Two Engliſh officers, after a night's lodging in the Highlands, found themſelves covered with vermin. One of them was very buſy in taking off the ſloweſt kind, which the other obſerving, cried out, Z——*ds, what are you doing?—Let us firſt ſecure the Dragoons; we can take the Foot at leiſure.*

At the battle of Glenſhiels, in the rebellion of the year 1719, George Munro of Culcairne, commanded a company of Highlanders raiſed out of his father's clan, and maintained at his own expence. A party of the rebels who had poſted themſelves upon the declevity of a mountain, perceiving him fall. kept firing upon him as he lay bleeding upon the ground. He ſaw they were determined to diſpatch him, and therefore calling to his ſervant, who had never left him, he bid him make haſte out of the danger, for that he could be of no ſervice to him, but by telling his friends and his father that he had not miſbehaved. The Highlander, upon hearing this addreſs, burſt into

into tears, and aſked, what would be thought of him ſhould he leave his maſter in that condition? then laying himſelf over him upon his hands and knees, he received ſeveral ſhot, and continued thus to ſhield him from further hurt with his own body, till a ſerjeant with a ſmall party diſlodged the enemy, after having taken a ſolemn oath upon a dirk that he would do it, or periſh in the attempt.

Such inſtances of heroic virtue are found among people, who yet rob without ſcruple, and in ſome caſes think honeſty a diſgrace. An Highland woman who begged charity of a Lowland laird's lady, was aſked ſeveral queſtions; and among others, How many huſbands ſhe had had? She anſwered, Three. And being farther queſtioned, if her huſbands had been kind to her? ſhe ſaid, the two firſt were honeſt men, and very careful of their family; for they both *died for the law*; that is, were hanged for theft. Well, but as to the laſt? *Hout*, ſays ſhe, *a fulthy beaſt! he dy'd at haume, like an auld dug on a puckle o' ſtrae.*

Mr. J. B. fellow of St. John's college in Cambridge, was a perſon of ſuch remarkable ſerenity and evenes of temper, that nothing was ever known to diſcompoſe him. One evening having ſet up later than uſual, at a friend's room in Jeſus, and being pretty far

gone in liquor, he was very much preſſed to take the porter and a lanthorn with him, which however he could by no means be perſwaded to do. In order to go to St. John's from Jeſus-College you muſt of neceſſity paſs through a church-yard, which when he arrived at, the claret growing too powerful for him he fell down upon his back between two grave-ſtones.——He made ſeveral efforts to recover himſelf, which when he found was to no manner of purpoſe, he folded his arms with great calmneſs, and was heard to ſay—*'Tis mighty well, I ſuppoſe I ſhall riſe with the reſt of them.*

Dr ——— maſter of ——Hall, was very famous or rather infamous for ſtarving himſelf and every thing about him; no wonder therefore that his old gelding *Stedfaſt* was put to board at little or no expence in a neighbouring fen, where what graſs there was, was ſcarcely eatable. One day at commons Mr D——t one of the fellows and a noted wag, told the Doctor that he had been to pay a viſit to his horſe. Pray, Sir, ſays the Doctor, what converſation might you have with him? None at all, reply'd D——, but I put my hand in my pocket and ſhew'd him a N-oat——And what did he ſay to that, rejoin'd the Doctor? Nothing on the earth,

ſays

ſays D———, *he only ſhook his head and laugh'd.*

The above Mr ——, who (amongſt other ſpecies of humour) was a great punſter, was in company a certain evening with one Mr *Tench*, at the Mitre.——Mr *Tench* being a milkſop, and refuſing his glaſs in turn, D—— obſerv'd to him, that he drank like a *Maid*, that he was a man of no *Soul*, that he was ſorry to meet him in that *Place*, but however he would not have him be *crabbed*, for he did not intend to *carp* at him—and ſo he ran on till *Tench* fell into a downright paſſion, and gave D—— a challenge to fight him.——— Upon which D—— with a horſe-laugh told him, *That he took him rather for a* flying-fiſh *than a* ſword-fiſh, *or elſe*, ſaid he, *I would not have meddled with you.*

It is the cuſtom when the gentlemen are cut out of commons at Oxford, to BATTLE, and at Cambridge to SIZE, as they term it, which is in plain Engliſh, to buy a dinner out of one's own pocket of the college-cook. D— having ſeveral times been trick'd out of his dinner by the early attendance of his brother ſtudents, was determin'd to be even with them, and having one day poſſeſſed himſelf of a whole gooſe, he fell a panning through

all the terms of back-gammon. *Gentlemen*, ſays he, *if I 'bate you an* ace, duce *take me, for it would be*-tray *a weakneſs, if a man could not* cater *for himſelf, therefore* ſink *me if I don't make you all* ſize.

The late Dr B—r—y, whoſe wit had too often a tincture of ill-nature, was one evening very hard upon Mr-H—ll, who had been in great diſtreſs.———H—ll took no notice of him at firſt, but ſuffer'd him to run on till he chang'd the ſubject, and amongſt other things the Dr. mention'd his having been out of town for a week. Aye, ſays Mr H—ll, that was publiſhed in all the Saturday's papers. In what form, ſays the Doctor? Why DECREASED IN THE BURIALS THIS WEEK ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR.

The late Prince of Wales having a mind to divert himſelf incog. went to ſee a bull-baiting near Hockley-in-the-hole. The bull (being true game) gave a great deal of ſport, and foil'd every dog that attack'd him.—— At laſt, old Towzer, whoſe owner (a butcher of Clare-market) ſtood cloſe to the prince, fairly pinn'd the bull—at which the butcher in the joy of his heart, gave his royal highneſs a ſwinging clap on the back, ſaying at the

the ſame time, *G—d d—mn your blood, Mr Prince, if that is not my dog.*

Patrick Fitz-Patrick, of the county of Limerick, eſq; had a plentiful fortune left him by his uncle, which made him independant of his father. But coming home unluckily very much in liquor, he went, by miſtake, to bed to his grandmother——and when his father expoſtulated with him for lying with *his* mother,——*Arrah my dear ſoul,* ſays he, *what is there in that—pray did not you lie with mine?*

A certain gentleman of Cambridge having publiſhed ſome poems by ſubſcription, went to wait on the honourable Mr ——, of Clare-hall, to deliver a book. Mr —— happened not to be then in the way, our poet therefore called about a week afterwards, when his honour addreſs'd him in the following terms. *Sir, I like your poems extremely well, but I have one favour to beg of you, and that is, that you would print your next edition upon ſofter paper, for this confounded* Genoa-*demy rubs one's backſide like a nutmeg-grater.*

A certain Kentiſh nobleman being in company with ſome Scotch officers was bragging of the ſituation of his villa, and the pleaſantneſs of the country in general; but above all inſiſted

inſiſted upon his peculiar happineſs (as he had a muſical ear) in having ſuch a multitude of nightingales about him.——*Nightingales?* ſays a bonny Scot, *we have an infinity of them near Edinburg.*——Sir, replies my Lord. I thought thoſe birds had never reached ſo far north; pray, what kind of a thing is a nightingale? *My Lord*, rejoins the Scot, *it is aboot as bug as a Pudgeon, and has a head like a Cat, and cries*, Whoo Whoo Whoo.

A certain ſwaggering officer being in company with Mr Charles Br--nt, bragged egregiouſly of the numbers he had ſlain by his own hand abroad, inſomuch that by his account he had demoliſhed at leaſt five hundred.——*Sir*, ſays Charles, *I have killed in my time, let me ſee——five at Madrid——ten at Liſbon——twenty at Paris——thirty at Vienna, and double the number at the Hague. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had ſcarcely diſembark'd, before a deſperate ſon of a bitch of an* Iriſhman KILLED *me*——Kill'd you? ſays the officer—*Damn you, what do you mean by that?*——*Sir*, Replies Charles, *I did not diſpute your veracity——and why ſhould you queſtion mine?*

Mr H—— of Iſlington is very remarkable for his neatneſs, and in particular, in wearing white ſtockings all ſorts of weather.——

One

One day (and a very bad one it was) he came into the King's-Head and met with Mr K— his old acquaintance, who had poſſeſſed himſelf of the news paper;——upon which Mr H—— deſir'd to know how the world went. Pleaſe to attend, ſays K—, to the following article.—" A gentleman very *neatly* dreſſed, " as he was going over London-Bridge yeſter- " day in the midſt of the ſtorm, was accoſted " by a money-dropper, who threw a half- " crown in his way.——The gentleman will- " ing to bring him to juſtice, picked up the " bait, and conſented to go along with him " to the firſt publick-houſe,—where, while " the cards were preparing, the gentleman " diſpatched the landlord for a conſtable — " The ſharper overhearing this, begged for " mercy, and declared, in caſe he obtained " it, he never would be guilty again —— " The gentleman very kindly forgave him, " but could not help aſking the fellow, what " he could ſee in his *face*, to imagine that he " would be taken in by ſo ſtale a bite?—— " God bleſs your honour, ſays the ſharper, I " did not ſee your *face*—I only lookt at your " white ſtockings.

A celebrated quack-doctor was ſent to attend an eminent citizen of London in extreme danger. But certain of his relations, not much depending on him, Dr Mead was called in

in. After Mead had examined the ſtate of the patient's malady, he aſked the quack, whom he had condeſcendingly called brother, to write the preſcription, which, it ſeems, is always the cuſtom for the junior doctor to do. After many apologies, he was reduced to declare that *he could not write*; and when Mead offered the preſcription for his peruſal, he was obliged to come off with—*Sir, I cannot read.*

Mr N——t, a worthy member of parliament, was one of thoſe gentlemen, who thought the late unpopular acts not ſo bad as they were generally repreſented; and therefore had voted both for the Jew Bill and the Bill for Naturalizing foreign Proteſtants; upon which a great clamour was raiſed againſt him by his conſtituents; and among the reſt an old gentlewoman made him this compliment. *Indeed, Sir, I ſhould be ſurpriſed at nothing that you do were you to vote for the naturalization of all the infernal inhabitants of the other world, for a man can have no regard for his Saviour that voted for the baniſhment of old Chriſtmas-day.*

A nobleman of lord chancellor C—— r's acquaintance having obſerved to his lordſhip, that as his lordſhip had confeſſedly the beſt *head* in England, he was ſurpriſed that his children had not ſtronger marks of genius; was anſwered by his lordſhip, that there ſeemed to him nothing ſurpriſing in it, for that he did not beget them with his *head*.

The —— of——— who is perhaps the ſevereſt ſatyriſt in Europe, was lately waited upon by a gentleman of his acquaintance, and complimented on the report, that his lordſhip was a ſecond time promoted to the lieutenantſhip of Ireland. The E——, who, to the grief of his friends as well as his own great misfortune, has almoſt entirely loſt his hearing, reply'd with a ſmile, that he knew not of any ſuch promotion, but did indeed think himſelf more fit for that employment now than formerly, becauſe he *could hear* none of the people's complaints.

The celebrated Miſs Ch——h complained to the ſame noble lord of the ill-nature of the town, and amongſt other inſtances, ſaid, that occaſion had been taken from a late illneſs of her's to ſpread a report that ſhe had been

brought to bed of two children. His lordſhip advis'd her to be eaſy under ſuch circumſtances, adding, that for his part he had long made it a rule not to believe more than *half* what the town ſaid.

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